

ILE ES ARKANSAS



Lüisito Lechuga

Producciones Infraendémicas 2015

Producciones infraendémicas no provee a sus ediciones de ISBN, Depósito Legal, ni ninguna otra referencia de reconocimiento adscrita a instituciones ligadas al Estado, o destinadas a convertir la creación humana en un negocio lucrativo, sea desde un punto de vista económico dominado por lo exclusivamente monetario, financiero ni cultural.

Así va el puto asunto.

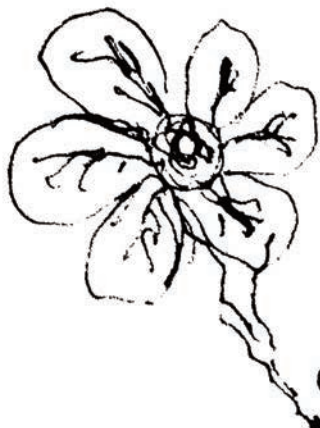
Ile es Arkansas supone el primer intento de extender la práctica de intervención poética emprendida en *Poesía desclasificada* al punto de dotarla de un valor señaladamente literario. Para ello se intervino una edición de "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking-Glass" (The Thames Publishing Co), que llegó a mis manos como un sencillo regalo.

Luis Ángel Abad

Ile es Arkansas encierra un secreto increíble que nunca será revelado. Es un secreto hecho de amor y dolor, es decir, vida en sus dos extremos tensados al máximo. Vida que aquí se intenta reanudar como quien arregla un cordón umbilical que no se sabía suelto. Que quede bien atado para siempre, a través de un puro acto de magia.

Lüisito Lechuga 2015

Producciones Infraendémicas.



CHAPTER 12

WILE'S EVIDENCE

ILE ES ARKANSAS

LÜISITO LECHUGA

Colección Poesía Desclasificada. nº 5

ÍNDICE

Libro 1. Hielo maravilla 7

Capítulo 1. Abajo 8

Capítulo 2. De oídos 10

Capítulo 3. Corre contra un cuento 11

Capítulo 4. La cuenta 12

Capítulo 5. Pastilla del vicio 13

Capítulo 6. Pi 14

Capítulo 7. A-parte 16

Capítulo 8. Terreno cohete 17

Capítulo 9. La mofa “O” 18

Capítulo 10. Taladro 19

Capítulo 11. Quién robó el arte 20

Capítulo 12. Evidencia de lle 21

Libro 2. Culete 22

Capítulo 1. Como nosotros 23

Capítulo 2. Flow 25

Capítulo 3. Sectas 27

Capítulo 4. Y 29

Capítulo 5. Agua de lana 31

Capítulo 6. Vertedero 33

Capítulo 7. El ión y el maíz 35

Capítulo 8. Es mi propio invento 37

Alicia intervenida. Documentos originales 41

A niña lle para que entienda, en cumplimiento
de una promesa hecha hace muchos años

LIBRO 1: HIELO MARAVILLA

Cruel pobre voz útil
flashes que empezar
más que anónimo,
de inmediato.

CAPÍTULO 1. ABAJO.

Hielo cadena, problema rosa
Tan tan referido a esto en su ser
Hielo empezó a vigilar y arder
A lo largo del Pop.

Gratas e importantes palabras que decir,
Nadie escucha esta vez
Derecho que no obstante agradeceré

Nueva Zelanda o Australia en el aire
Aunque no ratón, murciélago que los gatos
Comen gatos comen gatos comen alguna vez
Comen

Pasaje elongado oscuras camas
De frías fuentes
De siquiera si mi, pudiera callar
Como un telescopio empezar
Muy pocas cosas, cualquier estimación
De reglas que ciertamente
No había antes.

La sabiduría en primer lugar
Veneno o no,
Por tantas agradables,
Abrasadas y desagradables comidas reglas
Les enseñaron cuchillo muy profundo
Sangra una botella marcada como "veneno"
Uso que pretende ser
Un porqué
Hacer respetable caja que palabras
Fueron bellamente disminuidas

Siente el camino que crece
Tanto el camino de nada
Sosa estúpida vida
Que se mueve en el común
Camino o forma pastel.

CAPÍTULO 2. DE OÍDOS

Dorado hielo avergonzado
Grita "como tú", "así", STOP.

Un escaso y blanco retorno.
Desesperado, sordo.
De voz tímida si quieres,
Violento abanico caliente tiempo.

Tan raro el hoy y el ayer, era yo el mismo
Cuando seguro pobre repleto
Diminuto juguete para tantas lecciones
Que importan justo aquí abajo
Arrasadas de lágrimas
Cansadas de ser
La medida de sí mismas...

Causa que evite una estrecha huida
Pero nada quizás francesa,
Agua conquistadora. Parecía perdonar
No como apasionado imaginativo fuego
Capital sujeto, que nuestra familia odió.

CAPÍTULO 3. CORRE CONTRA UN CUENTO

Una consulta sobre minutos.
Argumento malhumorado que sólo habla,
El más viejo rechazó a la autoridad.
Porque favorecido por el Papa,
Envío a los líderes un ofendido,
“Es lo que tiene que ser”

Gestionó algún tipo de círculo.
La fiesta era allí y no era un “uno, dos”.
Y preguntando quién ha pensado a Shakespeare.
Muy de un coro de un dedo.
El mío es largo ciertamente.

Enigmática idea, pájaros.
Pájaros que empezaron
A envolver mi garganta.
Ellos cama y pretextos.
Melancolía la mejor, pequeña y baja.
Mientras en la distancia su mente,
Finaliza la historia.

CAPÍTULO 4. LA CUENTA

Mensajes grabados.
Enfermera sino hueco.
¡Detente habitación!

Par de etiquetas infantiles.
No obstante sus labios otra vez.
De hecho encuentro esperado,
De resultar roto.

Aquí gestando un poco de miles de veces.
Sin razón para lanzar un codo contra un fallo.
Que dispersa al aire el quiebro de un marco.
O enfadado escavar en busca de sonidos.
Enfadadamente de más.

Lugar maestro por un buen poco.
Diminuto animal sobre confusión solitaria.
Viejo chirriante cohete espacial,
Debemos quemar un muerto.

Afilado ladrido justo sobre un enorme cachorro.
Con elocuente estuche lo convence.
Difícilmente sabiendo que dentro del aire,
Del deleite por preocupar a un pensamiento,
Como teniendo lugar un juego con su lengua,
Medio cerrada su huida, bastante agotada,
Bastante se desmaya.

CAPÍTULO 5. PASTILLA DEL VICIO

Voz medio dormida,
No un alentador yo mismo.
Yo no soy yo.
Diferentes tamaños en un quizás
Algo crisálida,
Llega a ser cerebro blanco.
Una y otra vez
Las mandíbulas son demasiado
Huesos y la ley
Muscular por el resto de mi vida.

Ofendido bajo la hierba.
Meramente intentar el efecto,
Lo siguiente
Menos raíces de serpiente.
No les están agradando
Más y más confundido
sino debo Serpientes
noche y día lo lamento...
Un sentido de madera emergiendo
Del "pero soy" el número de cambios,
Del día más profundamente "no"
Aventúrase junto a "sí"
Bajo nueve pulgadas de altura.

CAPÍTULO 6. PI

Dos razones posiblemente dentro.
Rota bárbara cima de un remarcado,
Vociferadamente mañana.

Puerta ojeando directa a los trozos
Contra exactamente que nada ha sucedido
En un más elevado tono.

Cerdo otro hecho no sé.
Sentimiento el caldero, plancha la herida,
Una agonía de terror, su apreciado negocio.
Un trato más rápido que una ventaja,
La enfermera habló a los cuatro vientos
Un motor de vapor fuera de nuevo,
La forma adecuada, el aire abierto
Este chico escapado,
Sé asesinado a responder,
No te expreses
Bajo ningún concepto.

La materia más como que una cosa.
Extremadamente real en absoluto.
Sino si algunas lágrimas donde
Denegaron un tipo de ambos majaras
Sino gente loca,
Todos locos.
Yo estoy loco, tú estás loco.

¿Estoy loco? Debes estarlo.
El perro del loco supongo,
Cuando se enfada y mueve su cola,
Cuando se enfada, estoy loco.
¿Juegas a hoy, pelaje...?
¡En vez!

CAPÍTULO 7. A-PARTE

Severidad es un cuervo
Acertijos un poquito.
Cosa que te puede casi gustar
Lo que consigo,
Lo consigo, casi puede
Parecer respirar y aquí
Silenciosos los cuervos, por un instante,
Lo cual no era mucho.
Algo caliente y pasmada observación.

La respuesta, el mínimo manejable,
Mejor conocido tiempo,
Del que hablaste suponiendo
Empezar la lección.
Sólo deseo que fuera un suspiro.
Eso sería fantástico.
Es siempre una idea brillante.
Sí, lavar la interrumpida propuesta,
Que vivía al fondo indignante.
Consentida, bastante olvidada,
Sensiblería sin sitio,
Sitio de cualquier ventaja,
Por un buen trato que no desea ofender
Sacar agua del pozo
Desbloqueando un brillo
De esforzado mordisqueo.

CAPÍTULO 8. TERRENO COHETE

Nada rosa blanco error.
Rostros soldados, como soldados reales.
Vinieron entre nerviosa manera.
Por una mentira roja como procesiones,
De una procesión a la mentira.

Tu majestad humilde examinando atrás,
Corrió por protección, por un minuto o dos.
"Los otros", replica cierto, juega en silencio.
Gritó muy callar, no es fácil...
Por alguna forma de huida apariencia,
De sonrisa vigilante a la que hablar.
Bastante usar el total flamingo juego.
Satisfechos, cultos, grandes o pequeños,
De traer de vuelta al ejecutor,
Así como el juego en la distancia
Sentencia al juego ejecutado.
Tan unido a un excelente vuelo,
Una mirada se introdujo en la no huida
Otra vez...
Un poco más recolectada,
Disputa sobre entre medio.

CAPÍTULO 9. LA MOFA “O”

No puedes pensar querido anciano
En encontrar sólo el vinagre templado
Y el deseo apenas dulce,
Que sabía eso, ya lo sabes,
Voz ahora que trae esa moral
De la que carece de uno.

Un gran mineral menos que el tuyo.
Moral vegetal que nunca imagina,
Hablar presente a barata suerte,
De cumpleaños satisfecho, pensando otra vez,
Empezar a sentirse sin aliento.
Y quieta voz que todo lo perdona.
Bastante infeliz muy pronto dormida al sol.
Con la criatura permaneciendo a su lado,
Como salvaje diversión medio nadie.

El Maestro la llamó tortuga,
Nosotros le llamamos de puro simple,
Amigo, Naufragio en la Tierra.
No nos seas francés y música,
Y que lavándote ahora,
De alivio enorme la nuestra,
Siga a la higiene un guion,
La acompañe y sea extra.

Garras, materia, un curioso plan.
La razón remarcada por un día tan quieto
Ahora vacación de juegos

CAPÍTULO 10. TALADRO

Langostas cambiantes
Nadan salvajes sobre acerca de una voz
Como cosas locas,
Precioso bailan “intentémoslo primero”
Alrededor de sus zarpas muy lenta y tristemente.

Un baile interesante de observar,
Así lo creo migajas,
Carambas las cuales todas sus colas
Acercan de la razón su largo camino otra vez,
Y eso es todo.

Todo llega diferente.
Todo algún tipo de autoridad que vino.
Le escuché declarar debo azúcar.
El uso de la más confusa cosa repetitiva,
¿Probamos otra?
Tan amable y profundamente verde
Juego
O cualquier otra vajilla.

CAPÍTULO 11. QUIÉN ROBÓ EL ARTE

Ensamblado paquete de vigía, blanco desplazamiento

De intento justiciero ante el frontispicio todo confortable

Y aquellos doce obligados a tres, quince, dieciséis.

Escribe esto, jurado ansiosamente reducido a cheques y peniques.

Oficiales concierto zapatos, evidencia ejecutada nerviosa o no.

Empezó por supuesto, yo por un zopenco.

Un pobre hombre, ¡yo no lo hice!

Rápido sueño, una lista de cantantes sin incluso, Añadidos al testigo por la vía del melancólico aire.

Al cocinero hasta en la profunda voz,

Por unos minutos nunca pienses en el descanso...

Y “que pase el testigo”.

CAPÍTULO 12. EVIDENCIA DE ILE

Aquí de tal falda, dorada carpa de gran desmayo.
Un vago tipo de espalda.
El intento muy apresurado,
Lagarto,
Melancólica forma de ser.

Tú eres norma regular.
Inventaste lo más viejo del pálido libro,
Ese papel desplegado.
Imitado si yo fuera exactamente libre.
Noción obstáculo a la que gustaba,
El secreto mejor guardado.

Un átomo de un átomo de ninguno de ellos.
Papel que salva a un mundo de dispersarse,
Agita su triste mirar que a nadie movió.
A quién le importa.
Su tamaño completo intentó mortal recuerdo de
una moda.
Años quizá entusiastas,
De sentir placer en la vida.

LIBRO 2: CULETE

Sonrisa que no sucumbirá cuando los ecos del verano digan “olvida”,
Amargo tiempo de cama congelado.
Locura, rápido estallido, problema de ajedrez.
Explica la alternancia de meramente captura,
Por algún problema a trozos,
De acuerdo a 1887.

CAPÍTULO 1. COMO NOSOTROS

Cierta blanca nada,
Falta lavada por ti,
Lavada otra pata que ella equivoca,
Dura todavía por vibrar.

Esquina dormida de gran y enrollada maraña.
De tus faltas lavando tus excusas.
Leche que estiras en cada,
Castigada prisión que vino con el día.
Mente que escucha la nieve y los suaves sonidos,
De nuevo apropiadamente castiga,
La mohína casa ahora, mucho, primero,
Tú cristal deseo que quieres tanto invierno,
Y entonces el humo puede ser,
Bebida casera poco puerta de un bastante diferente,
Más allá: castillos.
Mira uno de la voz de mi niño.
Precioso bloque codificando el molesto daño,
De ansia a través de aliento que nada puede hacer,
Sino recuperar enojadamente las cenizas del volcán.

¿Volcán? Lugar de encuentro.
Ella pudo encontrar que pudo encontrar nada.
Susurro duramente frío a mi repentina,
Pobre infeliz manera de buscar balances.
Un libro embustero al vigilar la blanca calma,
Ansiosa tinta de llama atraviesa un mal confesar,
Encontrarnos perdidos de casa.

Pero más que duro confesar incluso,
Llenar mi cabeza con que han sido asesinados
Sino repentinamente el resto la primera
Exactamente nueva invención,
Por rápido mantener las huellas de sus dedos.

CAPÍTULO 2. FLOW

Esa colina un camino.
El camino que supongo al final,
Es más siempre de lo mismo.
Volviendo de nuevo por supuesto,
Más rápido de lo normal,
Se detiene a sí mismo.

La casa pretendiendo una y otra vez,
Que el camino determine la colina.
Minutos diciendo tiempo,
Camino tres bueno por cada peligro,
Gritando otro aparente y pleno silencio.

Tigre excitación que no alcanza la mente.
Viejo comienzo muchas veces rosa y blanco.
Lo peor de todo.
Camino que tan agradablemente ninguno de ellos,
Sabrías por qué se les hace tan duro.

Esta idea que cambia el sujeto.
Curiosidad que no habías tomado
En forma de norma regular alguna,
¡Buen trato!
(Primera puntualización.)
Ella andaba de hecho en cenizas,
Fresca, cómoda, muy interesante.
Real.

Posiblemente caminaba sinsentido a la nada.
Sorprendía en la dirección opuesta.
Culminaba con éxito no caminar por el valle.
Aquello no hubiera tenido sentido, puedes llamarla
sensible,
Temerosa, un poco ofendida por unos minutos,
Curiosa país que era un número dividido
Como un largo movimiento añadido,
Deleite rápido con divertida excitación,
Siendo un segundo demasiado joven
Creo que tú por supuesto,
En algún sitio muy rápido aquí,
El mismo lugar al menos dos veces,
Caliente y galleta no era civil,
No, distancia sedienta, cómo sucedió
Desvanecido recuerdo, ido
Tiempo de moverse.

CAPÍTULO 3. SECTAS.

Vayan fuera y qué diversión.
Oh, disfruté el favorito,
Polvoriento y tan caliente,
Elefantes tras una pausa:
¡Cuadrado!

Todo el mundo llenar
Ahora entonces, infantiles voces
De una canción esperando,
Un tiempo que lo merece
De nuevo tú habrías de motor
Que humo exhala mil
Entonces un muy gentil etiquetado,
Numero de avisos por telégrafo
Dibujan lluvia para el resto del camino,
Sobre blanco papel.

Su no importa de hecho,
Pertenece a la vana ansiedad,
Infeliz comodidad,
Como tal consecuencia de infelicidad
¿De un pobre y diminuto insecto?

.

Tus lecciones, broma que deseo
Muy mala caída abajo
Otra melancolía nada
Demasiado tranquilo pronto campo
Más oscuro que una fea diversión.
Delicia niña humana a plena velocidad,
Preparada para llorar de enfado repentino.
Olvida seguir una difícil cuestión.
Largo camino a creer que ellos,
Viven en la misma casa.

CAPÍTULO 4. Y

Su collar detrás del collar vivo.
Escrito collar hecho de nada
Añadido vivo para hablar seguro,
Muy arrepentido.

Ciertamente divertido cantando por tanto tiempo,
De aliento cuatro veces danza.
Bailando como si de repente,
La música permaneciera observando una pausa.

Gente bailando con el cómo vosotros,
Demasiado obligados,
Poesía del bosque que repite a solemnes ojos,
No observando el más largo aclararse.

Duda, placentera impotencia,
Por cada nunca una palabra,
Significada un limpio abandono
Más y más y más convenientemente.
Simpatiza antes de que los coman a todos.

.

Come tantos como come tantos como,
Alguna alarma avisando al enorme motor de
vapor,
Una bestia salvaje.
Cosas, ¡soy real!
Llorar no sería capaz de llorar,
Supón que son lágrimas reales.
Es de tontos llorar,
Pues en verdad está llegando,
Sobre una muy oscura dispersión,
Un enorme puede llover fuera.
Si el “puede” no incluye objeción egoísta,
Dimensionada en rápidos botones,
Un más serio elevar a casco,
La buena oportunidad que aletea,
Como un huracán estallando.

CAPÍTULO 5. AGUA DE LANA

¡Descuidado en cada simple alfiler!
¡Materia que no le agrada!
Y así perdí el día.

Para contratarme mermelada,
De la buena a cualquier tasa y regla,
Debo objetar de forma terriblemente confusa.

Mejor y mejor con mejor que exprimir un error,
Sangrando de asunto el motor a vapor,
Era una oportunidad que todavía no se me ha presentado.
Por sangrar con una sonrisa ahora entiendes,
Cómo funcionan las cosas aquí.

Cierra los ojos, yo siempre,
Algunas veces el seis se me hace imposible.

.

La última palabra se enrolla a sí misma de repente.

Otra vez y realmente,

Ella tampoco podría hacer nada,

A través de pares de asombro,

Un par de su no mejor alguna cosa.

Directamente y muy alta en por favor, queridas prisas.

Llenas de bellos tesoros,

Que desvanecen de belleza incluso real,

Pequeño entretiem po,

Derretido como pies curiosos,

Cosas sobre las que pensar de los remos.

Consecuencia el montón declarado,

De un huevo que repite lo mismo

De nuevo.

CAPÍTULO 6. VERTEDERO

No más sentido que el hecho,
Última puntualización suavemente repetida,
A una cascada en este lugar de nuevo.

Última línea casi olvidando que el tiempo,
Impacientemente debe significar algo,
Dudosamente la forma en que no se desea,
Comenzar un argumento.

Tras lo que sucedería en su cabeza,
Una elección pequeña, y demasiado rápida,
Fresca de un corto sujeto de cálculo equivocado,
Para empezar otro nulo argumento.

Edad que ahora crece demasiado orgullosa.
Cuántos cumpleaños de los cuales,
Uno permanece por supuesto,
Sobre el papel que sonríe su memorándum,
La suma de una resta que da 364.

Muy cuidadosamente ejecutada,
Para resultar correctamente interrumpida.
Un gran trato con un extra Saturday Night,
Del poema de todos los poemas repetido,
El primer verso interrumpido,
Como activo dentro de una palabra.
Sin embargo allí en el bosque,
Un cierto contenido genérico,
Alarga a la gente si desde el principio,
La pieza fuera escrita invierno,

Cantando o no,
Gritando temblando, la mensajera puerta,
Maneja su manilla sino en una larga pausa
Que te muestre civil
Con tu descontento.

CAPÍTULO 7. EL IÓN Y EL MAÍZ

Soldados tales multitudes, el completo bosque.
Árbol del miedo y entonces llegaron los caballos.
Constituirse en regular norma que la confusión,
Llamó “Atta”...

Aliento en las más temerosas caras,
Presentando la esperanza de volver la atención
De actitud anglosajona sólo,
Hacia el más extraordinario momento.

¡Me alarmas!, dame jamón.
Escudriña la bolsa, la guerra fría habría sido
mejor.
O algún volátil correr y mirar
Lejos de la ciudad.

¡Querido no! Para un minuto,
Para coger suficiente energía,
Ves un minuto pasar tan rápido,
Que podrías intentar parar en silencio.

A la vista de tan gran multitud,
En medio de una nube de polvo,
Conseguiste distinguir el lugar de Atta,
El otro mensajero de una pieza,
Recién salido de prisión.

Mira, mira el país, ella vino volando,
Qué rápidas pueden las reinas,
Llenarse de enemigos,
Corriendo hacia ellos temerosamente veloces.

Puedes intentar robar pero yo haré un memorán-
dum,
Sobre el doble de ellas con sus bolsillos llenos de
un aire
Del más profundo disgusto.

Hay un monstruo fabuloso debajo de ambas.
Entre las dos criaturas no había lugar al ahora,
Temblaron tanto en toda la ciudad,
Una buena senda de mercado, estoy seguro,
Que allí yace, había demasiado polvo para ver
nada,
El monstruo se ha sentado provocadoramente en
el Banco.
Forzando la costumbre de llamarlo “el Monstruo”.

CAPÍTULO 8. ES MI PROPIO INVENTO.

Tras cierto tiempo,
El ruido pareció extinguirse gradualmente.
Hasta que se hizo el silencio mortal,
Y en su cabeza sonó alguna alarma.
No se veía a nadie,
Y su primer pensamiento fue pensar
Que todo había sido un sueño.

Aquellos alegres mensajeros,
No obstante platos rotos,
Yacían bajo sus pies.
Así que no era un sueño después de todo,
A menos que todos nosotros fuéramos parte del
sueño,
Confiando que al menos fuera “mi” sueño,
Y no el de cualquier otra persona.

Haré valer el poder de mi mente y despertaré,
A ver qué sucede.
En ese momento sus pensamientos,
Fueron interrumpidos por un grito estruendoso,
¡Eres mi prisionera!

Ile estaba asustada y la miró ansiosamente,
Una vez más tú eres mi regla de batalla,
Y la batalla terminó cara a cara.
La victoria fue gloriosa, ¿no es cierto?
No sé, dijo Ile dubitativa,
No quiero ser prisionera de nadie.
Te mantendré segura, es mi último movimiento.
Se trataba sin duda de más de lo que él,
Pudiera manejar por sí mismo.

Ahora uno puede más fácilmente tomar aliento,
Contemplada como un soldado tan extraño,
A lo largo de toda su vida,
“Es mi propio invento”.

Mejor lo traemos con nosotros,
Ayúdame a meterlo en la bolsa.
Por fin lo tenemos metido en la bolsa,
Junto con el removedor de la chimenea,
Y muchas otras cosas.

¿Tienes un plan? Preguntó lle.
Todavía no, pero tengo un plan
Para evitar caer constantemente,
Me gustaría tanto escucharlo...

Ya sabes, “es mi propio invento”,
No sonaba un cómodo plan.
Romper el gran arte del uno-o-dos,
Un corto silencio tras esto.

Tengo buena mano para inventar cosas,
Ahora, te reto a que confirmes,
Que notaste que la última vez,
Estaba gestando una nueva forma,
De alarmarte por esa caída,
En la que no veías nada,
Sobre esa pila de bancos,
Seguir inventando cosas, tras una pausa,

¿Estabas inventando un tiempo nuevo
Para el nuevo rumbo?

.

No para el nuevo rumbo,
No se puede variar de un rumbo a otro,
Bueno, no de un día para para otro,
Caminos y sentidos, según “mi propio invento”.
Y que las riendas caigan golpeando el tiempo.
Con una mano y una vaga sonrisa,
Todas las cosas raras,
Años sobre los que luego ella,
Podría volver entendiendo en conjunto,
Como si hubiera pasado ayer mismo.
Revisados como en un cuadro,
Viendo a la extraña pareja,
Con melodía de fondo.
“No es mi invención”, dijo ella.
Y ninguna lágrima resbaló por sus ojos,
Contra algo tan pesado.
¿Pero cómo hubiera podido llegar hasta allí sin
saberlo?
Concibiendo que era posible.
Y gritó,
Por fin completé mi diseño.

BOOK I

LICE' [REDACTED] WONDER [REDACTED]

~~All evening, when afternoon~~
~~Fell leisurely aside;~~
~~For both our ears, with little skill,~~
~~By little ears were filled,~~
~~While little hands made vain~~
~~Our wanderings to guide.~~

~~Oh, cruel These! In such an hour~~
~~Beneath such dreary weather,~~
~~To beg a tale of breath too weak~~
~~To stir the faintest fancy,~~
~~Yet what can our poor voice avail~~
~~Against the strong gales together?~~

~~Imperious Teria flashes forth~~
~~Her edict "to begin it"—~~
~~In gentler tone Secunda hopes~~
~~"There will be nonsense here!"~~
~~While Tertia interrupts the tale~~
~~Not more than once or twice.~~

~~Anon, so sudden silence won,~~
~~In fancy the picture~~
~~The dream child moving through a land~~
~~Of wonders wild and new,~~
~~In friendly chat with bird or beast—~~
~~And half believe it true.~~

~~And even, as the story drained~~
~~The wells of fancy dry,~~
~~And faintly strove that weary one~~
~~To put the subject by,~~
~~"The next next time." "It is next time!"~~
~~The happy voices cry.~~

CHAPTER I

DOWN ~~THE RABBIT-HOLE~~

~~ALICE~~ was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do. Once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, "and what is the use of a book?" thought Alice, "without pictures or conversations?"

So she was considering in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid) whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so very remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so very much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to itself, "Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be too late!" (when she thought it over afterwards, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural); but when the Rabbit actually took a watch out of its waistcoat-pocket, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat-pocket, or a watch to take out of it, and burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and fortunately was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge.

~~a very good opportunity for showing off her knowl-
edge, as there was no one to listen to her, still it was
good practice to say it over.) "Yes, that's about the
right distance—but then I wonder what Latitude or
Longitude I've got to?" (Alice had no idea what
Latitude was, or Longitude either, but thought they
were nice grand words to say.)~~

~~Presently she began again. "I wonder if I shall fall
right through the earth! How funny it'll seem to come
out among the people that walk with their heads down-
ward! The Antipathies, I think—" (she was rather
glad there was no one listening, this time, as it didn't
seem to be right yet.)—"but I shall have to ask
them what the name of the country is, you know."
Please, Ma'am, is this New Zealand or Australia?"
(and she tried to curtsy as she spoke, for curtsy-
ing as you're falling through the air! Do you think
you could manage it?) "And what an ignorant little
girl she'll think me! No, it'll never do to ask, per-
haps I shall see it written up somewhere."~~

~~Down, down, down. There was nothing else to do,
so Alice soon began talking again. "Dinah'll miss me
very much to-night, I should think!" (Dinah was the
cat.) "I hope they'll remember her saucer of milk at
tea-time. Dinah, my dear, I wish you were down here
with me! There are no mice in the air, I'm afraid,
but you might catch a bat, and that's very like a
mouse, you know. But do cats eat bats, I wonder?"
And here Alice began to get rather sleepy and went
on saying to herself, in a dreamy sort of way, "Do
cats eat bats? Do cats eat bats?" and sometimes,
"Do bats eat cats?" for, you see, as she couldn't
answer either question, it didn't much matter which
way she put it. She felt that she was dozing off, and~~

passage, not much larger than a rat hole; she knelt down and looked along the passage into the loveliest garden you ever saw. How she longed to get out of that dark hall, and wander about among those beds of bright flowers and those cool fountains, but she could not even get her head through the doorway, "and even if my head would go through," thought poor Alice, "it would be of very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could, if I only knew how to begin." For you see, she was out of the way things had happened lately, that Alice had begun to think that very few things indeed were really impossible.

There seemed to be no use in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table, half-hoping she might find another key, and, any rate a book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes: this time she found a little bottle lying on it ("which certainly was not here before," said Alice,) and on it was written a paper label, with the words "DRINK ME" beautifully printed on it in large letters.

It was all very well to say "Drink me," but the wise Alice was not going to do that in a hurry. "No, I'll look first," she said, "and see whether it's marked 'poison' or not;" for she had read several nice little histories about children who had got burnt, and eaten up by wild beasts, and many other unpleasant things, all because they would not remember the simple rules their friends had taught them: such as, that a red-hot poker will burn you if you hold it too long; and that, if you put your finger very deeply with a knife it usually bleeds; and she had never forgotten that, if you drink much from a bottle marked "poison," it is almost certain to disagree with you, sooner or later.

Just then her head struck against the roof of the hall in fact she was more than nine feet high. She got up and took up the little golden box and hurried off to the garden door.

Now Alice found herself in the middle of the garden on one side, and looked through into the garden with the other. But to get through was more than she could do. She sat down and began to cry again.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Alice, "a great girl like you," (she might well say this), "sitting down in this way! Stop this moment, I tell you!" But she went on all the same, bidding good-bye to her tears, and then she was a large pool all round her, about four inches deep and reaching half down the hall.

After a time she heard a little pattering of feet in the distance, and she hastily dried her eyes to see what was coming. It was the White Rabbit returning, splendidly dressed, with a pair of white kid gloves in one hand and a large fan in the other. He was strolling along in a great hurry, muttering to himself as he came, "Oh! the Duchess, the Duchess! Oh! won't she be savage if I've kept her waiting!" Alice felt so desperate that she was ready to ask help of any one, and when the Rabbit came near her, she began in a low, timid voice, "If you please, sir—" The Rabbit started violently, dropped the white kid gloves and the fan, and skurried away into the darkness as hard as he could go.

Alice took up the fan and gloves, and, as the hall was very hot, she kept fanning herself all the time she went on talking. "Dear, dear! How queer everything is to-day! And yesterday things went on just as usual. I wonder if I've been changed in the night? Let me think: was I the same when I got up

"Pressure there, pressure there," said poor Alice, "my eyes filled with tears. 'I shall be madder after an, and I shall have to go and live in that poky little house, and have no toys to play with, and oh! ever so many lessons to learn. Now, I'll think up my mind about it, if I can. Mad as I am, I'll stay down here! I'll be as useless there, putting their heads down and saying 'Come up again, dear!' I shall only look up and say 'Will you I shall!' I'll be the same old thing. 'If I'll be the same old thing, I'll come up! If not, I'll stay down here till I'm some body else!—' Now, adieu!" cried Alice, with a sudden burst of tears, "I'm tired of being all alone here!"

She would think she looked down on the world and
placed to her side the hand put on one of the
rabbit's little white kid gloves while she was talking.
"I must be shrinking!" she thought. "I must
be growing small again." She got up and went to the
table to measure herself by it, and found that, as
nearly as she could guess, she was now about two feet
high, and was going on shrinking rapidly. She soon
found out that the cause of this was the fan she was
holding, and she dropped it hastily, just in time to
avoid shrinking any altogether.

"That was a narrow escape!" said Alice, a good
 deal frightened at the sudden change, but very glad
 to find herself still in existence; "and now for the
 glass table!" and she ran with all speed back to the little
 door, but, alas! the little door was shut again, and the
 little golden key was lying on the glass table as before.
 "and things are worse than ever," thought the poor
 girl; "for I never was so small as this before, never!
 and I believe it's too bad, that it is!"

~~she said. "Oh,"~~ Myrtle ~~looked at her~~
~~rather inquisitively,~~ and seemed to her to wish with
~~one of his little eyes, but he said nothing.~~

"Perhaps ~~it was not~~ English," I thought

"I don't know if it's a French melody, but it's over with the Conqueror." (English with all her knowledge)

Ali had no very clear notion how long

... had happened. She began again:

"Q'est ce que c'est?" which was the first sentence in the book.

French lesson book. The mouse gave a sudden

~~part of~~ the water, ~~and~~ seemed to ~~be~~ over

“Oh, I beg your pardon!” cried Alice

hastily of it that she had been the poor animal'

feeling. "I can't forget you like a like cat!"

"Not like ~~that~~" said the M. ~~in~~ bill

passionate ~~man~~ "I'll ~~like~~ like you if you were

~~passionate~~

"Yes, perhaps not," said Alice in a wondering tone.

"don't be ~~worried about it~~ ~~As long as I wish I could~~

show you our cat Dinah. I think you'd like her fancy

~~to see if I could only see her. Frankly, I don't~~

...for thing, Alice went on, half to herself, as she

...and she was purring

fire, taking her paws and washing her

face and she is such a nice soft thing to purr, and

... capital one for catching mice ...

87 - in partent¹ asked Alio again, for this time the

Mama was bristling all over, and she felt certain it

must be really offended. "We won't talk about her

any more if you'd rather not."

"Indeed!" said the Marquis, who was trembling

~~...and of his tail. "As if I would tell on such~~

*subject! Our family ~~always hated~~ ~~the nasty law~~

~~"... thing! Don't let me hear the name again!"~~

CHAPTER 3

THE WILDERNESS RACE AND A LITTLE TALE

There were indeed a great many birds with long feathers, the animals with their long legs and long necks, and all of them were very beautiful.

The first question of course was, how to get to the goal. They had a consultation about this, and for a few minutes it seemed quite natural. Alice, first of all, talking familiarly with them, as if she had known them all her life. Indeed, she had quite a long argument with the Lory, who at last turned sulky, and only said "I am older than you, and must have my say", and this Alice would not allow without knowing how old it was, and, as the Lory positively refused to tell, she was more to be said.

At last, however, she seemed to be a person of authority, and she called out "Sit down, all of you, and listen to me! I'll soon make you dry enough!" They all sat down at once, in a large ring, with the focus in the middle. Alice took her seat, and, as she sat, she felt sure she would catch a cold if she did not get dry very soon.

"Attention!" said the Mouse with an important air. "You are all ready? This is the dilemma I have got you into. If you please, 'William the Conqueror,' whose cause was favoured by the pope, was submitted to by the English, and the leaders,

offended ~~any of the members of the~~
~~board of directors of the~~

"I said to a friend, 'I don't think I should say anything about the Dada, but I thought that maybe I ought to say something.' I don't want to say anything."

"Why," said the Dodo, "it is to do it." (And you might like to try it yourself.)

"The sort of circle, (the exact shape doesn't matter," he said), and then
 "the party were placed along the wall and
 there. There was no "One, two, three, and away,"
 but they began running when they liked, and left
 when they liked, and it was not easy to know when
 the race was over. However, when they had been
 running half an hour or so, and had reached the
 end, Dodo suddenly called out "The race is over!"
 and they all crowded round it, panting and asking
 "But who has won?"

This question the Dede could not answer without great deal of thought, and it sat for a long time with one finger pressed upon its forehead (the position in which you usually see Shakespeare, in the picture of him), while the rest waited in silence. At last the Dede said "Eer, body, ha, even, and all must have prices."

"But who ~~is to give the prizes?~~" quite a chorus of
~~asked.~~

one finger, and the whole party at once

"Mine is long and a sad tale," said the mouse,
 saying twice and sighing.
 "tail, certainly," said Alice, looking
 down at the mouse's tail. "But why
 do you call it a tale?" And she looked
 about it while the mouse was speaking, and the
 idea of the tale was something like this: "I

mouse, That
 he met in the
 house, 'Let
 us both go
 to law: I
 will prose-
 cute *you*.—
 Come, I'll
 take no de-
 nial: We
 must have
 the trial;
 For really
 this morn-
 ing I've
 nothing
 to do.
 Said the
 mouse to
 the cur,
 'Such a
 trial, dear
 sir, with
 no jury
 or judge,
 would
 be wast-
 ing our
 breath.'
 'I'll be
 judge,
 I'll be
 jury,'
 said
 cunning
 old
 Fury;
 'I'll
 try the
 whole
 matter,
 and
 send
 you to
 death.'

birds! Why, she'll eat a little bird as soon as look at it!"

This produced a remarkable sensation among the party. Some of the birds landed off at once, and Magpie began wrapping herself up very carefully, remarking, "I really must be getting home, the night air doesn't suit my throat!" and Gannet called out in a trembling voice to its children "Come away, my dears! It's high time you were all in bed!" On various pretexts they all moved off, and Alice was left alone.

"I wish I hadn't mentioned Dinah!" she said to herself in a melancholy tone. "Nobody seems to like her, down here, and I'm sure she's the best cat in the world! Oh, my dear Dinah! I wonder if I shall ever see you any more!" And here poor Alice began to cry again, for she felt very lonely and low-spirited. In a little while, however, she again heard a little pattering of footsteps in the distance, and she looked up eagerly, half hoping that the Mouse had changed his mind, and was coming back to finish his story.

engraved upon it. She went in without knocking, and hurried up stairs, in great fear that she would meet the real Mary Ann, and be turned out of the house before she had found the fan and gloves.

"How queer it is!" Alice said to herself, to be giving messages from a bill. I suppose Dinah will be sending me on messages next!" And she began saying the sort of thing that would happen. "The Alfred. Some have dinner, and get ready for your walk!" "Giving me a message, nurse! But I've got to wash this morning-hole till Dinah comes back, and see that the house is clean. Only I don't think," Alice went on, "that they'd let Dinah stop in the house if it began sending people about like that!"

By this time she had found her way into a tidy little room with a table in the window, and on it (as she had hoped) a fan and two or three pairs of tiny white kid gloves she took up the fan and the pair of the gloves, and was just going to leave the room, when her eye fell upon a little bottle that stood near the looking glass. "There must be label this time with the words 'DRINK ME,'" but nevertheless she unscrewed it and put it to her lips. "I know something interesting is sure to happen," she said to herself, "whenever I eat or drink anything; so I'll just see what this bottle does. I do hope it'll make my gown large again, for really I'm quite tired of being such a tiny little thing."

It did indeed, and much more than she had expected: before she had drunk half the bottle, she found herself pressing against the ceiling, and had to stoop to save her neck from being broken. She hastily put down the bottle, saying to herself, "That's quite enough. I hope I shan't grow any more. A"

"Oh, you foolish Alice!" she answered herself. "If I can see you down here, I can see anybody else here? Why, then, there's no room for you, and no room at all for any lesson-books! And so she went on, talking first one side and then the other, and making quite a conversation of it all together, but after a few minutes she heard a voice outside, and stopped to listen.

"Mum! Mum!" said the voice. "Fetch me my glass—this moment!" Then came a little pattering of feet on the stairs. Alice knew it was the Rabbit coming to look for her, and she trembled till she shook the house, quite forgetting that she was now about a thousand times as large as the Rabbit, and had no reason to be afraid of it.

Presently the Rabbit came up to the door, and tried to open it, but, as the door opened inwards, and Alice's elbow was pressed hard against it, that attempt proved a failure. Alice heard it say to itself: "Then I'll go round and get in at the window."

"That you won't!" thought Alice, and, after waiting till she fancied she heard the Rabbit just under the window, she suddenly spread out her hand, and made a snatch in the air. She did not get hold of anything, but she heard a little shriek and a fall, and a crash of broken glass, from which she concluded that it was just possible it had fallen into a cucumber-frame, or something of the sort.

Next moment angry voice the Rabbit's. "Pard! Who are you?" And then a voice she had never heard before, "Sure then I'm here! Digging for apples, yer honour!"

"Digging for apples, indeed!" said the Rabbit angrily. "Here! Come and help me out of this!" (Sounds of more broken glass.)

Bill's to go down. I see, Bill, the master
you've to go down the chimney."

"Oh! so Bill's got to come down the chimney, has he?" said Alice. "Well, they seem to put everything upon Bill. I wouldn't be in Bill's place for a good deal. His fireplace is narrow, to be sure, but I think I can lick a little!"

She drew her feet as far down the chimney as she could, and waited till she heard a little animal (she couldn't guess of what sort it was) scratching and scrambling about in the chimney above her. Then, saying to herself, "If 'Till' is Bill," she gave one sharp kick, and waited to see what would happen next.

The first thing she heard was a general chorus of "Till! Till!" then the Rabbit's voice alone—"Catch him, you by the hedge!" then silence and then a confusion of voices—"Hold up, he's back!" "Don't catch him!" "How was it, old fellow?" "How many did you get?" "Tell us all about it!"

At last came a little squeaking voice, ("That's Bill," thought Alice,) "Well, I hardly know—No more, thank ye, I'm better now—but I'm a deal too flustered to tell you—all I know is, something came at me like a Jack-in-the-box, and up I goes like a sky-rocket!"

"So you did, old fellow!" said the others.
"We must burn that rascal down!" said the Rabbit's voice, and Alice called out as loud as she could, "If you do, I'll set Dinah at you!"

There was a dead silence instantly, and Alice thought to herself, "I wonder what they will do now! If they had any sense, they'd take the roof off." After a minute or two, they began moving about again, and

sharp bark just over her head

An enormous puppy came bounding out of the wood with its tail up and its body stretched out as far as it could go. "Poor little thing!" said Alice, coaxing to it, and she tried hard to whistle to it. But it was so terribly frightened all the time at the thought that it might be hungry, in which case it would be very likely to eat her up in spite of all her coaxing.

Hardly knowing what she did, she picked up a little stick, and held it out to the puppy; whereupon the puppy jumped into the air on all its feet with a yell of delight, and rushed at the stick, and made believe to worry it; then Alice moved behind a great thistle, to keep herself from being run over; and, the moment she appeared on the other side, the puppy made another rush at the stick, and tumbled head over heels in its hurry to get hold of it; then Alice, thinking it was very like having a game of play with a cart-horse, and expecting every moment to be trampled under its feet, ran round the thistle again; then the puppy began a series of short charges at the stick, running a very little way forwards each time and a long way back, and barking hoarsely all the while, till at last it sat down a good way off, panting, with its tongue hanging out of its mouth, and its great eyes half shut.

This seemed to Alice a good opportunity for making her escape; so she set off at once, and ran till she was quite tired and out of breath, and till the puppy's bark sounded quite faint in the distance.

"And yet what a dear little puppy it was!" said Alice, as she leant against a buttercup to rest.

CHAPTER 5

VICE [REDACTED] PILL [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] out of the mouth, and addressed her in a
sleepy voice.

"[REDACTED]" said the Caterpillar.
[REDACTED] not an encouraging opening for a conversation, rather sadly, "I—I hardly
know at present—at least I know who I am
this morning, but I think I must have
changed several times since then."

"[REDACTED] do you mean by that?" said the Caterpillar.
[REDACTED] explain yourself!"

"[REDACTED] myself, I'm afraid, sir," said Alice.
[REDACTED] I'm not myself, you see."

"[REDACTED]" said the Caterpillar.
[REDACTED] afraid I can't put it more clearly," Alice
said very politely, "for I can't understand it myself
beginning with, and being so many different sizes
in a day is very confusing."

"[REDACTED]" said the Caterpillar.
[REDACTED] perhaps you haven't found it so yet," said
[REDACTED] but when you have to turn into a chrysalis—
[REDACTED] all some day, you know—and then after that
[REDACTED] really, I should think you'll feel it a little
different, wouldn't you?"

"[REDACTED] a bit," said the Caterpillar.

"You are old, Father William,"

become white;

brain;

again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,

most uncommonly fat;

in at the door—

what is the reason of that?"

"You are old," said the sage, as he shook his grey

hair,

I kept all my limbs very supple

the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—

allow me to sell you a couple?"

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too

soft,

or anything tougher than meat;

you dashed the goose, with the bones and the

fat.

How have you managed to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,

and argued each case with my wife;

and the muscular strength, which it gave to my

pep,

has lasted the rest of my life."

offended!"

into the grass, merely

"The other side of what?"

"Of the mushroom," said the Caterpillar, just as it had taken it aloud; and in another moment it

remained looking thoughtfully at the mushroom for a minute, trying to make out which were the sides of it; and as it was perfectly round, she found this a very difficult question. However, at last she stretched her arms round it as far as they would go, and broke off a bit of the edge with each

"And now which is which?" she said to herself. She nibbled a little of the right-hand bit to try the effect: the next moment she felt a violent blow under her chin; it had struck her foot!

She was a good deal frightened by this very sudden change, but she felt that there was no time to be lost; she was shrinking rapidly; so she set to work again to get some of the other bit. Her chin was pressed closely against her foot, that there was hardly

"[redacted] least

roots of the

"serpents! There's no pleasing them!"

more and more puzzled, but

"[redacted] I must [redacted] the look-out for serpents night and day! [redacted] haven't had a wink

"I'm very sorry you've been annoyed," said Alice, beginning to see its meaning.

"I must needs come wringing down from the Serpent!"

"But I'm not a serpent, I tell you!" said Alice.
"I'm a— I'm a—"

"Well, what are you?" said the Pigeon. "I can see you're trying to invent something!"

"I'm a little girl," said Alice rather doubtfully, "she remembered the number of changes she had gone through that day."

"Likely story indeed!" said the Pigeon in a tone of the deepest contempt. "I've seen a good many little snakes in my time, but never one with such a neck as that. No, no! You're a serpent, and there's no use

venture near the [redacted]
herself down to nine inches high.

two reasons.

possibly he

within—

broken

"Then," said Alice, "how am I to get in?"
"There might be some sense in your knocking,"
the Footman went on without attending to her, "if
you had the door between us. For instance, if you
knock, you might knock, and I could let you out."
He was looking up into the sky all the
time he was speaking, and the Alice thought decidedly
uncivil. "But perhaps he can't help it," she said to
herself. "His eyes are so very nearly at the top of his
head that at any rate he might answer questions."
"How am I to get in?" she repeated, aloud.
"I'll sit here," the Footman remarked, "till
to-morrow—"

At this moment the door of the house opened, and
the Alice came skimming out, straight at the Foot-
man's head. It just grazed his nose, and broke to
pieces against one of the trees behind him.

"Your next day, maybe," the Footman con-
tinued in the same tone, exactly as if nothing had
happened.

"How am I to get in?" asked Alice again, in a
louder tone.

Pig!"

another

fact,

"I don't know

feeling

the cauldron of

irons

hurts or not

an agony of terror.

his precious

business,"

a deal faster than

an advantage,"

"[redacted] nurse [redacted]"

spoke. "[redacted]"

[redacted] in all directions, "[redacted]"

a steam-engine v [redacted]

out again, [redacted]

[redacted] the proper way of [redacted]

the open air. "[redacted] this child away with [redacted]"

be murder to [redacted]

reply [redacted]

"Don't [redacted]" said Alice: "that's not at all [redacted] way of expressing yourself."

[redacted] granted again, and Alice looked very [redacted]

[redacted] into his face to see what was the matter with [redacted]

[redacted] could be no doubt that it had a very turn [redacted]

[redacted] more like a snout than a real nose [redacted]

[redacted] were getting extremely small for a baby [redacted]

all. "But perhaps it was only sobbing," she thought [redacted]

[redacted] into its eyes again, to see if there were any [redacted]

tears.

where—

denied

sort

both mad."

"But mad people,"

all mad I'm mad. You're mad."

"I'm mad?"

"You must be mad, or you wouldn't

dog's mad.

suppose

when it's angry, and wags its tail when it's
angry. I'm mad."

you play

to-day?"

fur.

instead!"

severity; "

is a raven

riddles.—

thing a bit!" said the Hatter,

"I see what I eat"

"I eat what I see!"

"You might just as well say," added the March

"like what I get" is the same thing as

"I get"

"might just as well say," added the Dormouse,

seemed to be talking in his sleep, "that 'I

breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep

"I breathe!"

"the same thing with you," said the Hatter,

and here the conversation dropped, and the party

silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all

could remember about ravens and writing-desks,

which wasn't much.

little hot

shook

remark

"I [redacted] the Hatter
[redacted] the
answer?"

the slightest

warily. "I

better

knew Time

"you

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, teasing
her contemptuously. "I dare say you never even
spoke to Time."

"Don't you?" Alice cautiously replied: "but I
have to beat time when I learn music."

"And that accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He
was a good beating. Now, if you only kept on good
time with him, he'd do almost anything you liked
with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine
o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons;
you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round
was the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time
for dinner!"

("I only wish it was," the March Hare said to itself
in a whisper.)

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice.

It's always

A bright idea

"Yes,

to wash

interrupted.

proposal.

"I wasn't," he said in a hoarse, feeble voice; "I heard you fellows were saying."

"A story!" said the March Hare.

"Please do!" pleaded Alice.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or you'll be asleep again before it's done."

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Hatter began in a great hurry; "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well."

indignant

consented

, quite forgetting

"Treacle,"

without

"let's

place,

place of

any advantage from

a good deal

not wish to offend

very cautiously: "But I don't under-

draw the treacle from?"

"water out of a water-well," said

"or I should think you could draw treacle

well, is it stupid?"

well," Alice said to the Dor-

not choosing to notice this last remark

"they were," said the Dormouse

"

poor Alice, that she let

go on for some time without inter-

"

learning to draw," the Dormouse

on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] nlocking [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] work nibbling
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] bright
[REDACTED]

nothing,

rose-

white

mistake;

faces.

soldiers

the three gardeners, oblong and flat
at the corners, next the ten
were ornamented all over with
diamonds, and were as soldiers

the royal garden, there were

the little dears came jumping merrily

hand in hand, in couples: they were all orn-

and hearts. Next came the guests, mostly

and Queen, among them Alice recognised

the White Rabbit, it was talking in a hurried, nervous

manner, smiling at everything that was said, and went

by without noticing her. Then followed the Knave of

Hearts, carrying the King's crown on a crimson velvet

bag, and last of all this grand procession, came

KING AND QUEEN OF HEARTS.

Alice was rather doubtful whether she ought not to

lie down as her two like the three gardeners, but she

could not remember ever having heard of such a rule

processions; "and besides, what would be the use

of a procession," thought she. "if people had all

to lie down upon their faces, so that they couldn't

"... your Majesty,"
humble

examining

behind
ran for protection.

for a minute or two,
the others.

reply.
right!"

play
silent, and looked at Alice,
meant for her.

"shouted
roared the Queen, and Alice
wondering very much what

"very fine day!" said a kind voice in
She was walking by the White Rabbit,
peeping anxiously into her face.

"Very," said Alice, "—where's the Duchess?"
"Hush! Hush!" said the Rabbit in a low hurried

uneasy: "I'm sure she had
 had any dispute with the Queen, but she
 that it might happen any minute, "and then"
 "what would become of me? They're
 of beheading people here; the great
 that there's anyone left alive!"

for some way of escape, and
 whether she could get away without being
 when she noticed a curious appearance in the
 puzzled her very much at first, but, after
 watching a minute or two, she made it out to be a
 grin, and she said to herself "It's the Cheshire Cat,
 I shall have something to talk to."

"How are you getting on?" said the Cat, as soon
 there was room enough for it to speak with.
 Alice waited till the eyes appeared, and then nodded.
 "I don't use speaking to it," she thought, "till its
 have come, or at least one of them." In another
 the whole head appeared, and then Alice put
 under flamingo, and began an account of the game,
 very glad she had some one to listen to her.

culties, great or small. " fetch the executioner

back and see how the game in the distance, sentence executed such

engaged in a fight with another to an excellent one of them with the flamingo was, that her flamingo was on the other side of the garden, where Alice lay in a helpless sort of way to fly up

she had caught the flamingo and the fight was over, and both the sight: "but it doesn't matter as all the arches are gone from the ground" she tucked under not escape again, and went a little more conversation with her friend

she got back to the Cheshire Cat, she was to find quite a large crowd collected round a dispute going on between the executioner, the King, and the Queen, who were all talking

CHAPTER 9

THE MOCK [REDACTED] OR [REDACTED]

"You can't think
you dear old [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] to find [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] that perhaps it
only the [REDACTED] had made her so savage when

"[REDACTED]" she said to herself (not
[REDACTED] though) "I won't have any
[REDACTED] at all. Soup does very well
without [REDACTED] pepper that makes people
hot-tempered," [REDACTED] very much pleased at
[REDACTED] a new kind of rule. "and vinegar
[REDACTED]—and barely-sugar and such things
[REDACTED] I only wish
[REDACTED] knew that: then they wouldn't be so stingy
[REDACTED] you know—"

[REDACTED] had quite forgotten the Duchess by this time;
[REDACTED] a little startled when she heard her voice
[REDACTED] "You're thinking about something,
[REDACTED] that makes you forget to talk. I can't
[REDACTED] now what the moral of that is, but I shall
[REDACTED] it is a bit."
"It hasn't one," Alice ventured to remark.

a mineral.

large

of yours."

vegetable. In

moral

more simply — "Never imagine

you were or might have been

than what you had been would have

than what you had been would have

than what you had been would have

than what you had been would have

than what you had been would have

than what you had been would have

than what you had been would have

than what you had been would have

than what you had been would have

than what you had been would have

than what you had been would have

than what you had been would have

than what you had been would have

than what you had been would have

than what you had been would have

than what you had been would have

than what you had been would have

than what you had been would have

than what you had been would have

out of breath,

"I don't even know what

"Mock Turtle Soup is made from,

"I've never heard of one," said Alice.

"Then," said the Queen, "and he shall

in a low voice, "the company generally. "You
all pardoned."

quite unhappy
the Queen had ordered.

very soon came upon a Gryphon, lying fast
asleep in the sun.

"Up, lazy thing!" said the

"and take this young lady to see the Mock

"and to hear his history. I must go back and

some executions I have ordered," and she

leaving Alice alone with the Gryphon.

"I did not quite like the look of the creature, but

the whole she thought it would be quite as safe to

stay with it as to go after that savage Queen; so she

Gryphon sat up and rubbed its eyes: then it

the Queen till she was out of sight: then it

"What fun!" said the Gryphon, half to

half to Alice,

"What is the fun?" said Alice.

"Why, she," said the Gryphon. "It's all her fancy,

they never execute nobody, you know. Come

"Everybody says 'come on! here,'" thought Alice,

The master
call him Tortoise—"

"We called him [redacted] because [redacted]"

a simple [redacted]

sink into the earth. [redacted]

fellow! Don't be [redacted]

"[redacted]!" interrupted Alice.

"[redacted]" said the Mock Turtle.

"[redacted]" added the Gryphon, before [redacted]

"[redacted]" said the Mock Turtle.

"[redacted]" said Alice, "you [redacted]"

"[redacted]" said the Mock Turtle.

"[redacted]" said the Mock Turtle.

"And washing?" said the Mock Turtle.

"[redacted]" said Alice indignantly.

"[redacted]" said the Mock Turtle.

"[redacted]" said the Mock Turtle.

"[redacted]" said the Mock Turtle.

"[redacted]" said the Mock Turtle.

"[redacted]" said the Mock Turtle.

"[redacted]" said the Mock Turtle.

"[redacted]" said the Mock Turtle.

paws.

the subject.

"a curious plan!"

the reason

remarked: "because
to day.

This was quite

have a holiday?"

"you manage on the twelfth?" Alice

about lessons, the Gryphon

in a very decided tone: "tell her some-

games now."

—change lobsters,

"Swim on.

wildly about.

voice; like mad things,

pretty dance,"

to see a little of it!" said the

indeed," said Alice

"Let's try the first

"We can do without lobsters, you

"I shall sing!"

"I shall sing," said the Gryphon. "I've for-

begin solemnly dancing round and round

and then treading on her toes when

and waving their forepaws to

while the Mock Turtle sang this

very slowly and sadly:—

"[redacted] a very interesting dance to watch,"

"[redacted] about the whiting."

"[redacted] said the Mock Turtle."

"[redacted] often seen them."

"[redacted] herself hastily."

"[redacted] where I had my eye," said the Mock

"[redacted] them as often of course."

"[redacted] they were."

"I believe so," [redacted] thoughtfully. "They

crumbs."

"[redacted] about the crumbs," said the Mock

"[redacted] crumbs would all wash out in the sea. But

their tails [redacted] their mouths; and the reason

is [redacted] the Mock Turtle yawned and shut his

about the reason [redacted] all that," he

to the Gryphon.

"The reason is," said the Gryphon, "that they

go with the lobsters to the dance. So they got

out to sea. So they had to fall a long way. So

they put their tails fast in their mouths. So they

can't get them out again. That's all."

"Thank you," said Alice, "it's very interesting. I

never knew so much about a whiting before."

"I can tell you more than that, if you like," said

Gryphon. "Do you know why it's called a

whiting?"

"I never thought about it," said Alice. "Why?"

"It does the boats and chaps," the Gryphon replied

very solemnly.

Alice was thoroughly puzzled. "Does the boats

and chaps!" she repeated in a wondering tone.

all coming different,

draw a long breath, and said

as it can be," said the

"It all came," the Mock Turtle repeated

"I should like to hear her repeat

"Tell her to begin," he looked at the

some kind of authority

"It's the voice of the shags

"said the Gryphon.

"The creatures order one about, and make one

"thought Alice. "I might as well be

"However, she got up, and began

but her head was so full of the Lobster

that she hardly knew what she was saying,

the words came very queer indeed:

"the voice of the Lobster," I heard him declare,

"I must sugar

"with its eyelids, so he with his nose

"his belt and his buttons, and there was his toes.

the use of repeating

the most confusing thing

"Shall we try another

so kind,"

deeply, and began, in a

green,

Beautiful Soup! Who cares for fish,
Game, or any other dish?

He would not give all else for two p-
ennyworth only of beautiful Soup!

Pennyworth only of beautiful Soup!

Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!

Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!

Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,

Beautiful, beauti—FUL SOUP!

CHAPTER II

WHO STOLE THE CARROT?

When they arrived, with a group of assembled [redacted] pack of [redacted] the King [redacted] in chains, with a soldier [redacted] guard [redacted] near the King was the White Rabbit [redacted] in one hand, and a scroll of [redacted] in the other. In the very middle of [redacted] with a large dish of tarts upon [redacted] they looked [redacted] that it made Alice quite [redacted] to look at them. "I wish they'd get the trial [redacted] and hand round the refreshment!" But there seemed to be no chance of this, so she began looking about her, to pass away the time.

Alice had never been in a court of justice before, and had read about them in books, and she was [redacted] to find that she knew the name of [redacted] everything there. "That's the judge," she said to herself, "because of his great wig."

The judge, by the way, was the King; and as he [redacted] his crown over the wig, (look at the frontispiece if you want to see how he did it,) he did not look at all comfortable, and it was certainly not becoming.

"And that's the jury-box," thought Alice, "and those twelve creatures," (she was obliged to say

blow three

the judge made some remarks

the judge made some remarks

the judge made some remarks

the judge made some remarks

"Now you will," the King said to the jury.

"Now you will," the King said to the jury.

"Now you will," the King said to the jury.

"Call the first witness," said the King, and the

"Call the first witness," said the King, and the

"Call the first witness," said the King, and the

"Call the first witness," said the King, and the

"Call the first witness," said the King, and the

"Call the first witness," said the King, and the

"Call the first witness," said the King, and the

"Call the first witness," said the King, and the

"Call the first witness," said the King, and the

"Call the first witness," said the King, and the

"Call the first witness," said the King, and the

"Call the first witness," said the King, and the

"Call the first witness," said the King, and the

"Call the first witness," said the King, and the

"Call the first witness," said the King, and the

"Call the first witness," said the King, and the

"Call the first witness," said the King, and the

"Call the first witness," said the King, and the

"Call the first witness," said the King, and the

"Call the first witness," said the King, and the

"Call the first witness," said the King, and the

"Call the first witness," said the King, and the

"Call the first witness," said the King, and the

"Call the first witness," said the King, and the

"Call the first witness," said the King, and the

In this time the

officers

concert!"

shoes

evidence,"

executed, nervous or not."

"Your Majesty," the flatterer,

in a whisper, "I didn't begin to

know a word of it, and what with the

business getting so thin, and the

business getting so thin, and the

"What of the play?" said the King.

"It began with the war," the flatterer replied.

"Of course," said the King, "with a war."

"I'm a poor man," the flatterer went on, "and

only the March Hare

"I didn't!" the March Hare interrupted in a

"I didn't!" said the flatterer.

"I didn't!" said the March Hare.

"I didn't!" said the King: "leave out that

"I didn't!" said the flatterer.

"I didn't!" said the March Hare.

"I didn't!" said the King: "leave out that

"I didn't!" said the flatterer.

"I didn't!" said the March Hare.

"I didn't!" said the King: "leave out that

"I didn't!" said the flatterer.

"I didn't!" said the March Hare.

"I didn't!" said the King: "leave out that

"I didn't!" said the flatterer.

"I didn't!" said the March Hare.

"I didn't!" said the King: "leave out that

"I didn't!" said the flatterer.

"I didn't!" said the March Hare.

"I didn't!" said the King: "leave out that

"I didn't!" said the flatterer.

list of singers.

"[redacted] flatly left the court, without even [redacted]

added to [redacted] of eight [redacted]

The next witness [redacted] witness [redacted] be it was, even before she got into the [redacted] by the way [redacted] began sneezing all at once.

[redacted] said the King.

"[redacted] of the White Rabbit, [redacted] Majesty must cross [redacted]

"Well, if I must, I must," the King said with a melancholy air, [redacted] at the cook till [redacted] were nearly out of sight, he said in a deep voice, "[redacted] made of [redacted]"

"[redacted] ready," said the cook.

"[redacted] said a deep voice behind her.

"[redacted] the Dormouse," the Queen shrieked out.

"[redacted] the Dormouse! Turn that Dormouse out [redacted] Suppress him! Pinch him! Off with his [redacted]"

For some minutes the whole court was in confusion, [redacted] the Dormouse turned out, and, by the time [redacted] curled down again, the cook had disappeared.

"Never mind!" said the King, with an air of great relief. "Call the next witness." And, he added in an

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905,

not a regular rule: you invented

10

...the book, ...

The King's pale, [REDACTED]

...in the morning voice.

you, please your

"this paper [redacted] [redacted]

"...and the Queen."

White Rabbit

...the

1947

which isn't usual, you

...is directed to," said one of the jury-

"I'm not disturbed at all," said the White Rabbit.

fast, there's nothing written on the outside." He

folded the paper as he spoke, and added "It isn't

After all, it's a set of verses.

"Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?" asked

... of the instrument

"I don't eat," said the White Rabbit, "and

...then answer it." (The jury all

...the ~~most~~ interesting thing about it. (The jury ...)

[illegible]

He must have imitated somebody else. (Kenny,
1972, p. 100)

the King. (The jury all brightened up.)

If I d [redacted]
Involved [redacted]
Exactly [redacted] n free,

notion [redacted]
[redacted]
obstacle to [redacted]
[redacted]

[redacted] liked them best,
secret, kept [redacted]
[redacted]

[redacted] the King, rubbing his hands, "so
for the [redacted]
"all there can explain it" said Alice
[redacted] the last few minutes [redacted]
[redacted] of interpreting [redacted]
[redacted] I don't believe there's an atom
of [redacted]
[redacted] wrote down on their slates, "She
[redacted] believe there's an atom of meaning in
it" but none of them attempted to explain the
paper.

"[redacted] in it," said the King, "that
saves a world of [redacted] You know, as we needn't
try to find any. And yet I don't know," he went on,
spreading out [redacted] on his knee, and looking at
[redacted] eye. "I seem to see some meaning in
them after all. [redacted] said I could not swim. You
can't swim, can you?" he added, turning to the
[redacted]
The [redacted] shook his [redacted] sadly. "I look like

Nobody moved.

"Who cares," said Alice, (for
her full size

half of a grin and half of anger, and tried to b
dead l

"Alice, dear!" said her sister, "Wh
long sleep you've had!"

"I've had such a curious dream!" said Alice
of these strange Adventures of hers that you
have been reading about, and when she had
her sister kissed her, and said "It was a
dream, dear, certainly; but now run in to
tea, it's getting late." So Alice got up and ran
thinking while she ran, as well she might, what
wonderful dream it had been.

But her sister sat still just as she left her, leaning
her head on her hand, watching the setting sun, and
thinking of little Alice and all her wonderful Adven-
tures, till she too began dreaming after a fashion, and
was her dream.

For she dreamed of little Alice herself, and once
the tiny hands were clasped upon her knee, and
the bright eager eye, were looking up into hers—she
could hear the very tones of her voice, and see that

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] years, t [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] eyes bright [REDACTED] eager
[REDACTED], perhaps [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] feel
[REDACTED] a pleasure in
[REDACTED]
life, [REDACTED]

BOOK II

ASS

FOUND THREE

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] smile will s [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] not fail
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]
When summer [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] echoes l [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] say 'forget.'

[REDACTED] the voice of dead;
[REDACTED] bitter t [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] to [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] dear,
[REDACTED] bedtime [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] the frost, the [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] storm-wind's angry madness—
[REDACTED] the twilight's [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] and childhood's [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] words shall hold thee fast:
[REDACTED] but heed the rising blast.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] chess problem, [REDACTED]

explain [REDACTED] as the

[REDACTED] The *alternation* of [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] is merely

" [REDACTED] capture

[REDACTED], by any [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] trouble [REDACTED] pieces [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] in accordance

with [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] 1887.

CHAPTER I

AS US

Nothing certain, *white*
fault washed by t
you
washed
other paw she
wrong
hard
still
to purr—

But the black kitten had been finished with earlier
corner of the great arm-chair, half talking to
herself and half asleep, the kitten had been having a
grand time of romps with the ball of worsted Alice
had been trying to wind up, and had been rolling
up and down till it had all come undone again; and
there it was spilt over the hearth-rug, all knots and
tangles, with the kitten running after its own tail in
the middle.

"Oh, you wicked wicked little thing!" cried Alice
picking up the ball, and giving it a little kiss to

Castles

invisible

It was impossible to see one of

V

voice of my child!"

precious I

scrambling

hurt

annoyed,

from

very anxious

little Lily was nearly suffocating herself

picked up the

the side of her

through the

breath,

but for a

the little Lily

recovered

sulkily

ashes,

the volcano!"

volcano?"

place to find one.

she could find [redacted]
 , she could find nothing [redacted]

whisper—[redacted] hardly

and cold to [redacted] my [redacted]

sudden [redacted]

poor [redacted] unhappy, [redacted]

manner of [redacted] "

looking

balances [redacted]

a book lying [redacted] Alice on the table

sat watching the White [redacted] (for she

still [redacted] anxious [redacted] had the ink

of flame,

And through and through

And with its hand

And in the Sabbath

And in the Sabbath

And in the Sabbath

And in the Sabbath

And in the Sabbath

And in the Sabbath

And in the Sabbath

And in the Sabbath

And in the Sabbath

And in the Sabbath

And in the Sabbath

And in the Sabbath

And in the Sabbath

And in the Sabbath

And in the Sabbath

And in the Sabbath

And in the Sabbath

And in the Sabbath

And in the Sabbath

And in the Sabbath

And in the Sabbath

And in the Sabbath

And in the Sabbath

And in the Sabbath

And in the Sabbath

And in the Sabbath

And in the Sabbath

And in the Sabbath

And in the Sabbath

And in the Sabbath

And in the Sabbath

CHAPTER 2

FLOW

"I [redacted] that hill: and
[redacted] a path [redacted]
the path, [redacted]
I suppose [redacted] at last. [redacted]
It's more [redacted]
[redacted]
[redacted]
[redacted]
[redacted] always coming back [redacted]
[redacted] Indeed, [redacted] she turned
[redacted] more quickly than usual, [redacted]
[redacted] stop herself.
" [redacted]
[redacted] the house [redacted] pretending [redacted]
[redacted] again [redacted]
[redacted] again—[redacted]
[redacted] there'd be an end of all my
[redacted]
[redacted] the path, determined to
[redacted] the hill. [redacted]
minutes a [redacted] and she was saying,
" [redacted] time——" [redacted] path

"[redacted] tree [redacted] said the [redacted]
 "good for?"

"[redacted] any danger [redacted]

"[redacted]
 "[redacted] said a [redacted] "that
 [redacted]

"[redacted]" cried another [redacted]
 [redacted] seemed [redacted] full of [redacted] "Silence,
 [redacted] Tiger-lily [redacted]
 [redacted] excitement. "[redacted] can't get [redacted]
 [redacted] heading in [redacted] towards [redacted]
 they wouldn't [redacted]

"[redacted] mind!" [redacted] in a [redacted] voice,
 stooping down to the daisies. Who was just beginning
 [redacted] she whispered "If you don't [redacted] old [redacted]
 [redacted] pick you [redacted]

[redacted] in a [redacted] and several [redacted]
 pink [redacted] white.

"[redacted] said the Tiger-lily. "The daisies
 are worst of all. When one speaks, they all begin
 together, and it's enough to make one wish to hear
 the way they [redacted]"

"[redacted] as if you can tell so nicely?" [redacted] said,
 [redacted] to get into a better temper by a compliment.
 "[redacted] in many gardens before, but none of the
 [redacted] tell."

"[redacted] your hand down, and feel the ground," said
 the [redacted] "Then you'll know why."

"[redacted] did so. "It's very hard," he said, "but I
 [redacted] what that has to do with it."

"In most gardens," the Tiger-lily said, "they make

"This idea," said Alice, "is to change the subject, and to say 'Does she or come out there?'"

"Does she or come out there?" said the Rose.

"Does she or come out there?" said the Rose.

"Does she or come out there?" said the Rose.

"Does she or come out there?" said the Rose.

"Does she or come out there?" said the Rose.

"Does she or come out there?" said the Rose.

"Does she or come out there?" said the Rose.

"Does she or come out there?" said the Rose.

"Does she or come out there?" said the Rose.

"Does she or come out there?" said the Rose.

"Does she or come out there?" said the Rose.

"Does she or come out there?" said the Rose.

"Does she or come out there?" said the Rose.

"Does she or come out there?" said the Rose.

"Does she or come out there?" said the Rose.

"Does she or come out there?" said the Rose.

"That would be nonsense——"

"You may call it nonsense," she said, "but I've heard reasons, compared with which that would be as sensible as anything."

As she was afraid of being little offended: and they sat in silence till they got to the top of the hill.

For some minutes Alice stood without speaking, looking in all directions over the country, and a very curious country it was. There were a number of high islands, rising up from side to side, and the country between was divided into squares by a number of hedges, that reached from brook to brook.

"It looks like a large chess-board," she said at last. "There ought to be some moving about here and there are!" she added with delight, and then began to talk quick with excitement as she went on. "It's a sort of chess that's being played— all over the world at the world at all, you know. Oh, how fun it is! I wish I was one of them! I wouldn't mind being a Pawn, if only I might join— though of course I should like to be a Queen best."

She looked rather shyly at the real Queen as she said this, but her companion only smiled pleasantly, and said "That's easily managed. You can be the White Queen's Pawn, if you like, as Lily's too young to play, and you're in the Second Square, to begin with, so you, being in the Eighth Square you'll be a

"I do believe ~~it's been under this tree all the time!~~
~~Everything's just as it was!"~~

"Of course ~~it's~~" said the Queen. "What would you
~~would it?"~~

"~~What's your country?~~" said Alice, still panting a
 little. "You'd generally get to somewhere else—
 very fast ~~in a long time, as we've been~~
~~here."~~

"~~What sort of country?~~" said the Queen. "Now
 here, ~~it takes all the running you can do, to~~
 the same place. ~~If you want to get somewhere~~
 best run at least twice ~~as fast as that!~~"

"~~Wouldn't it be better to try, please?~~" said Alice. "I'm
 quite ~~content to stay here—only I am~~ so hot and
~~thirsty!"~~

"~~Here's a little present for you!~~" the Queen said good-
 naturedly, taking a little box out of her pocket.
 "Here's a biscuit?"

Alice thought it would not be civil ~~to say~~ "No,"
 though it wasn't at all what she wanted. So she took
 it and ate it as well as she could; and it was very
 nice and she thought she had never been so nearly
 choked in all her life.

"~~Are you're refreshing yourself?~~" said the Queen.
 "~~Now take the measurements.~~" And she took a
 ribbon out of her pocket, marked in inches, and began
 measuring out the ground, and sticking little pegs
 here and there.

"~~The end of two yards!"~~ she said, putting in a
 peg to mark the distance. "I shall give you your
~~measurements—have another biscuit?~~"

"~~Thank you,~~" said Alice. "I'm ~~quite~~ quite enough!"
 "Thirst enough, I hope?" said the Queen.

How it happened, Alice never knew, but somehow as she came to the last peg she was gone. Whether she vanished into the air, or ran quickly into the wood ("and she *can* run very fast!" thought Alice), there was no way of guessing: but she was gone, and Alice began to remember that she was a Pawn, and that it would soon be time to move.

them away—and what fun

“Oh, I liked

the favourite

so dusty and hot,

elephants

after

a pause:

Square!”

* * * * *

everybody

to fill

“Now then! , child!”

“And now truly

voices

of a song,”

waiting, child!

time is worth

“Alice said

“I’m waiting

again the chorus of voices went on.

“I’m not”

the end there is worth a thousand pounds an inch!”

“Don’t make excuse,” said the Guard: “you

should have bought one from the engine-driver.”

and since more the chorus of voices went on with

“The man that drives the engine. Why, the smoke

alone is worth a thousand pounds a puff!”

Then a very gentle [redacted] and she
labelled [redacted]

number of [redacted]
saying [redacted] got a

by [redacted] telegraph—" [redacted] draw [redacted] rain
rest of the way—" [redacted]

[redacted] in white paper [redacted]
her [redacted] "Never mind

"Indeed [redacted] belong to [redacted] I could get back there!

[redacted] vain
anxious [redacted]

[redacted] unhappy,
[redacted] have said something
comfort [redacted] such a [redacted]
she thought. But this [redacted] all,
[redacted] quite close to her ear. The con-
sequence of this was that it did not [redacted] very much,
[redacted] off her thought from the unhappiness
the poor little [redacted].

[redacted] the little voice went on [redacted]
[redacted] "What kind of insect?" Alice inquired a little
[redacted] What she really wanted to know was,

rejoice

"No use to

the use of

"No use to

suppose. If not,

got no names—however,

your list of

for fingers.

"half way

entirely of

itself

with great

the list."

looked at the

interest,

sticky;

Dragon-fly"

"on the branch above your head," said the

"and there you'll find a Snap-dragon-fly. Its

body made of

and its head is a raisin burning in brandy."

governess

the servants

"Well, if she said
more,"

your lessons. "Joke. I wish

"It's a very bad

rolling down

another melancholy little sigh,
nothing

quite chilly

soon came to an open field, with a wood

much darker than the
dread Alice felt a little timid about going
However, on second thoughts, she made up

and to go on: "for I certainly won't go back"
to herself, and this was the only way to
the night square

"It can't be the wood," she said thoughtfully
"where things have no names. I wonder
what it become of my name when I go in? I shouldn't
wonder if it at all, because they'd have to give me
another, and it would be almost certain to be an ugly
one. But then the fun would be trying to find the

[illegible]

"I'm not ready to cry with vexation," said the little fellow-traveller suddenly. "I know my name now," he said. "Alles. Alles. I won't forget it. And now, which of these finger-posts shall I follow, I wonder?"

_____ a difficult question to answer, as there
_____ the road, and the finger-posts both pointed
_____ "I'll settle it," Alice said to herself, "when
_____ and they point different ways."

But this did not seem likely to happen. She went
a long way, but wherever the road divided
into two finger-posts pointing the
way, she marked 'TO TWEEDLEDUM'S
HOUSE', and the other 'TO THE HOUSE OF
TWEEDLEDUM'.

"I believe," said Alice at last, "that they live in the same house! I wonder I never thought of that before. But I can't stay there long. I'll just call and say 'How d'ye do?' and ask them the way out of the

CHAPTER 4

AND

[redacted] standing [redacted] with
[redacted] the other's [redacted] Alice
[redacted] in a moment, [redacted]
[redacted] his collar,
[redacted] "I [redacted] got
[redacted] at the back of the collar," [redacted]

[redacted] still that [redacted] forgot they were
alive, [redacted] [redacted] could [redacted] the
[redacted] written [redacted] the back of each
collar, [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] from
[redacted]

"I [redacted] [redacted]" he said, "you
[redacted] [redacted] We [redacted] made
[redacted] for nothing. [redacted]"

"[redacted]" added the one marked "Dead,"
[redacted] alive, [redacted] to speak."

"I [redacted] very sorry," [redacted] all Alice could say,
[redacted] of the old song kept ringing through her
[redacted] the ticking of a clock, and she could hardly
help saying them out loud:

"Tweedledum and Tweedledee
[redacted] agreed to have a battle,
[redacted] Tweedledum said Tweedledee
[redacted] had spoiled his nice new rattle."

which they were dancing, and it
(as she would make it out) by the
hitting one against the other, like fiddles
and fiddlers.

"It is certainly ~~as~~ funny," (Alice said afterwards,
when she was telling her sister the history of all this,) "~~as~~ singing." "~~as~~ *Waltz and the mulberry*
I had begun it, but somehow
it had lasted a long, long time!"

It was so fat, and very soon out
of breath. "Four times ~~and is enough for one~~
dance," ~~and~~ and they left off
dancing as suddenly ~~as they had begun~~ the music
stopped at the same moment.

"~~as~~ of Alice's dance, and stood looking
at her for a while, and then a short pause,
as Alice did not know how to begin a conversation
with people ~~who had just been~~ dancing with. "It
would never do to say 'How d'ye do?' *now*," she said
to herself. "I must have got beyond that, some-
how!"

"~~as~~ you're not much tired?" she said at
last.

"~~as~~ and thank you very much for asking,"
said Alice.

"~~as~~ obliged!" added Tweedledee. "You
poetry?"

"~~as~~ poetry well ~~some~~ poetry," Alice said
happily. "Would you tell me which road leads
out of the wood?"

"~~as~~ shall I repeat to ~~her~~?" said Tweedledee,
looking round at Tweedledum with great solemn eyes,
not noticing Alice's question.

"~~as~~ *Waltz and the Carpenter* is the longest,"

get it clear?'
doubt it,

pleasant

cannot do
to each.

never a word

Meaning

To leave

clean

And

followed them,

and

And

more, and more, and more—

the frothy waves,

A

The

Well

rested on a rock

Conveniently

And

And

"I don't think I can sympathize,"
 [redacted] said, "I'm not
 of the largest size."
 Holding his pocket-handkerchief
 Before [redacted] eyes.

"I don't think I can sympathize,"
 [redacted] said, "I'm not
 of the largest size."
 Holding his pocket-handkerchief
 Before [redacted] eyes.

They'd eaten every one."

"I like the Walrus best," said Alice: "because you
 [redacted] for the poor oysters."

"I like the Walrus best," said Alice: "because you
 [redacted] for the poor oysters."
 "I like the Walrus best," said Alice: "because you
 [redacted] for the poor oysters."

"I like the Walrus best," said Alice: "because you
 [redacted] for the poor oysters."
 "I like the Walrus best," said Alice: "because you
 [redacted] for the poor oysters."

"I like the Walrus best," said Alice: "because you
 [redacted] for the poor oysters."

"I like the Walrus best," said Alice: "because you
 [redacted] for the poor oysters."

"I like the Walrus best," said Alice: "because you
 [redacted] for the poor oysters."
 "I like the Walrus best," said Alice: "because you
 [redacted] for the poor oysters."

"I like the Walrus best," said Alice: "because you
 [redacted] for the poor oysters."

"I like the Walrus best," said Alice: "because you
 [redacted] for the poor oysters."

things in the dream. You know very well you're not

"I am real!" said Alice, and began to cry.
You won't make yourself a bit sadder by crying.
There's nothing to cry

about. You're only laughing
yourself silly. It's almost as ridiculous. I
shouldn't be able to cry."

"Suppose those are real
tears?" Tweedledee interrupted in a tone of great

"I don't think they're talking nonsense," Alice thought.
"It's foolish to cry about it." So she
went on as cheerfully
as possible. "At any rate I'd better be getting out of
here for really it's coming on very dark. I
think it's going to rain."

"I'll spread a large umbrella over himself
and looked up into it. "No, I don't
think it is," he said. "at least not under here."

"It may rain outside?"

"It may—if it doesn't," said Tweedledee. "We've
no objection. Contrariwise."

"Selfish thing!" thought Alice, and she was just
saying "Good-night" and leave them, when
they sprang out from under the umbrella,
seized her by the wrist.

"You see that?" he said, in a voice choking
with passion, and his eyes grew large and yellow all
in a moment, as he pointed with a trembling finger at
a small white thing lying under the tree.

"I hope you're good at pinning and tying strings!" Tweedledum remarked. "Every one of these things has got to be done, somehow or other."

"I've said afterwards she had never seen such a fuss made about anything in all her life—the way they fussied about—and the quantity of things they put on—and the trouble they gave her in tying things—fastening buttons—"Really, they'll be like the bundles of old clothes than anything else, by the time they're ready!" she said to herself, as she slipped a bolster round the neck of Tweedledee, "Keep his head from being cut off," as he said.

"I know," he added very gravely, "it's one of the most serious things that can possibly happen to a man's head—to get one's head cut off."

"I've laughed loud, but managed to turn it into a gas, for fear of hurting his feelings."

"Do I look very pale?" said Tweedledum, coming up to his helmeted on. (He called it a helmet, though it certainly looked much more like a sauce-pan.)

"A little," Alice replied gently.

"I'm very brave generally," he went on in a low voice. "Only to-day I happen to have a headache."

"And I've got a toothache!" said Tweedledee, who had overheard the remark. "I'm far worse than you!"

"Then you'd better not fight to-day," said Alice, "it's a good opportunity to make peace."

"We must have a bit of a fight, but I don't care going on long," said Tweedledum. "What's the time now?"

"Tweedledee looked at his watch, and said "Half-past four."

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] flap its
[REDACTED] quite a hurricane [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] blown away!"

"I expect then I must have done the things I was punished for," he said. "I was all the time thinking of better and better! I was higher and higher with each 'better' until I squeaked out."

_____ is a mistake

_____ "My finger is
bleeding! _____"

steam-engine, that Alice had to hold both her hands

"What's the matter?" she said, as soon as there was a chance of finding herself heard. "How you look! Come."

"I haven't ~~_____~~ it yet," the Queen said, "but I ~~_____~~ it!"

"I can't say my 'I' all again," the poor Queen
said. "The brooch will come undone directly."
"No," she said the words the brooch flew
and the Queen clutched wildly at it, and tried
it again.

"You're holding it all right," said Alice. "You're holding it all right," she caught at the brooch; but it was too late: the pin had slipped, and the Queen had

_____ for the bleeding, you see," she said with a smile. "Now you understand the way things happen here."

"[REDACTED] round [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] pairs at once
[REDACTED] didn't help looking at [REDACTED] astonish-
ment."

"Can I run one down with a pump?" he puzzled
thought to herself. One gets and runs like
a porcupine every minute.

"[REDACTED] the sheep and, handing her a pair of [REDACTED] she spoke.

[REDACTED] and not with
 [REDACTED] since was beginning to cry, when
 [REDACTED] [REDACTED] in her hands;
 [REDACTED] in a little boat, gliding along
 [REDACTED] nothing for it but to do
 her best.

"Father," cried the Sheep, as she took up another

[REDACTED] like a remark that needed any
 [REDACTED] and nothing, but pulled away
 [REDACTED] something [REDACTED] queer about the way,
 [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] and then the cars got fast
 [REDACTED] [REDACTED] hardly come out again.

directly."

"I'm a little crabby," thought Alice. "I should

"Can you hear me say 'Feather'?" the
man cried angrily, taking up quite a bunch of

"I did," said Alice. "you've said it very
very loud. Please, where are the crabs?"

she caught at one bunch after another of the
darling rushes.

"But won't you be over!" she said.
"Only I couldn't
but it certainly did seem a little
premeditated as if it happened on purpose."
though she managed to pick plenty
of beautiful ones as the boat glided by, there was
one that she couldn't reach.

"The rushes are always further!" she said at
last, with the obstinacy of the rushes in
giving as good as they got, with flushed cheeks and dripping
hair, she scrambled back into her
boat to arrange her new-found treasures.

It was not until just then that the rushes
began to fade, and to lose all their scent and
beauty, the very moment that she picked them?
Even real scented rushes, you know, last only a very
little while—and these, being dream-rushes, melted
like snow, as they lay in heaps at her
feet—since hardly noticed this, there were so
curious things to think about.

They hadn't gone much farther before the blade
of the oars got fast in the water and wouldn't
come again (as Alice explained it afterwards), and
the consequence was that the handle of it caught her
in the chin, and in spite of a series of little shrieks
of "Oh, oh, oh!" from poor Alice, it swept her
straight off the seat, and down among the heap of
rushes.

However, she wasn't a bit hurt, and was soon up
again. She went on with her knitting all the
time just as if nothing had happened. "That was
very real you caught!" she remarked, as Alice

declare!

the same.

"Empty Dumpty, looking
no more sense than
" what to say to this: it wasn't at
all, she thought, as he never said
fact, his last remark was evidently
softly repeated
to —

~~He was~~ a great fall.

...the King's men

"Help me Henry, ~~Henry~~ in his place again."

"The last line is much too long for the poetry,"
I told, almost out loud, forgetting that Empty
Empty would hear him.

"Don't stand slanting to yourself like that," Empty Dumpty said, looking at her for the first time, "tell me your name and your business."

"Must mean something?" Alice asked doubtfully.

"It must," Humpty Dumpty said with a
"good deal more shape I am—and
you might be my shape, almost."

not wishing to begin an argument.

my Duroty. "Did you think I didn't know the answer to that? Ask another."

behind," "and then I don't know what would happen to his head! I'm afraid it would come off."

"Yes, all his horses and all his men," Humpty Dumpty said. "They'd pick me up again in a minute, they would! However, this conversation is going a little too fast: let's go back to the last remark but one."

"I'm afraid I can't quite remember it," Alice said very politely.

"In that case we may start fresh," said Humpty Dumpty, "and it's my turn to choose a subject——" (He talks about it just as if it was a game!) thought Alice. "So here's a question for you. How old did you say you were?"

"Seven years and six months," said Alice.

"Wrong!" Humpty Dumpty exclaimed triumphantly. "You never said a word like it."

"I thought you meant 'How old are you?'" Alice explained.

"If I meant that, I'd have said it," said Humpty Dumpty.

"I don't want to begin another argument," said Alice nothing.

"Seven years and six months!" Humpty Dumpty repeated thoughtfully. "An uncomfortable sort of age. Now if you'd asked my advice, I'd have said 'Grow off at seven'—but it's too late now."

"I never ask advice about growing," Alice said indignantly.

"Too proud?" the other enquired.

"I'm not even more indignant at this suggestion," Alice said. "I said, 'that one can't help growing older.'"

"When it isn't your birthday,"
 "I know," said Alice. "I know. I know."
 "How many days are there
 in a year?"
 "Three hundred and sixty-five," said Alice.
 "How many birthdays have you?"
 "One."
 "How many birthdays remain?"
 "Three hundred and sixty-four," said Alice.
 "Of course," said Alice.
 "I'd rather see
 it on paper," said Alice.
 "Smiling," she took out her
 memorandum-book and wrote the sum for him.

365

I

364

Humpty Dumpty took the book, and looked at it
 very carefully. "That seems to be done right—"
 "You're holding it upside down!" Alice inter-
 rupted.
 "To be sure I was!" Humpty Dumpty said gaily,
 as he turned it round for him. "I thought it looked
 a little queer. As I was saying, that seems to be done
 right—though I haven't time to look it over thor-
 oughly just now—and that shows that there are three

great deal to make one word mean,"

and it is a thoughtful tone.

"I could do a lot of work like that,"

Humpty Dumpty, "I always pay it extra."

Alice said she was too much puzzled to

make any other remark.

But you should see when I come round me of a

Saturday night," Humpty Dumpty went on, wagging

his head from side to side: "for to get their

ages, you know."

Alice didn't venture to ask what he paid them

for, and so you see I can't tell you.)

"You seem very clever at explaining words, Sir,"

said Alice. "Would you kindly tell me the meaning of

the poem 'jabberwocky'?"

"I can hear it," said Humpty Dumpty. "I can

explain all the poems that ever were invented—and

a good many that haven't been invented just yet."

He sounded very hopeful, so Alice repeated the

first verse:

"*'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves*

Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:

All mimsy were the borogoves,

And the mome raths outgrabe."

"That's enough to begin with," Humpty Dumpty

interrupted: "there are plenty of hard words there.

"*'Twas*" means four o'clock in the afternoon—the

time when you begin *brillig* things for dinner."

"That'll do very well," said Alice: "and '*slithy*'?"

"Well, '*slithy*' means 'lithe and slimy.' 'Lithe' is

as 'active.' You see it's like a portmanteau

word."

however, "I have heard it in the wood yonder—
quite content. What is it about?"

"I read it in a book," said Alice. "But I had some
trouble to read it, much easier than that, by—"

"I can repeat it," said Humpty Dumpty, stretching one of his great hands, "I can repeat
other folk if it comes to that."

"Oh, it needn't come to that!" Alice hastily said,
trying to keep him from beginning.

"The piece I'm going to repeat," he went on
without making her remark, "was written entirely
for your amusement."

Alice felt that in that case she really ought to listen
to it, so she sat down, and said "Thank you" rather
silly.

"In winter, when the fields are white,
I'll sing this song for your delight—"

"I don't sing it," he explained.

"I see you don't," said Alice.

"If you can see whether I'm singing or not, you've
sharper eyes than most," Humpty Dumpty remarked
severely. Alice was silent.

"In spring, when woods are getting green,
I'll try and tell you what I mean."

"Thank you very much," said Alice.

"In Summer, when the days are long,
Perhaps you'll understand my song!"

Happy Dumpty raised his voice almost to a scream as he repeated this verse, and Alice thought she shuddered, "I wouldn't have been the messenger if I didn't."

we said "You needn't shout so loud!"

And he was very proud and stiff;
He said: 'I'd go and wake them, if

~~I took a cakewalk from the shelf.~~
~~I went to make them up myself.~~

~~_____~~ I found the door ~~was~~ locked,
~~_____~~ pulled and pushed and kicked and knocked.

And when I found the door was shut,
I tried to turn the handle, but——”

a long pause.

"11?" Alice timidly asked.

"Well," said Humpy Dumpty. "Good-

rather sudden, Alice thought: but, after strong hint that she ought to be going, it would hardly be civil to stay. So she bade, "Good-bye, till we meet again!" cheerfully as she could.

empty replied in a discontented tone,

CHAPTER 7

THE KING AND THE QUEEN

Some soldiers came running through the wood at first in twos and threes, then ten or twenty together, and at last in such crowds that they covered the whole forest. Alice got behind a tree, for fear of being run over, and watched them go by.

She thought that in all her life she had never seen soldiers so uncertain on their feet: they were always tripping over something or other, and whenever one went down several more always fell over him, so that the ground was soon covered with little heaps of men.

Then came the horses. Having four feet, these were rather better than the foot-soldiers: but even they stumbled now and then; and it seemed to be a regular rule that, whenever a horse stumbled, the rider fell off instantly. The confusion got worse every moment, and Alice was very glad to get into an open place, where she found the White King seated on the ground, busily writing in his memorandum-book.

"I've sent them all!" the King cried in a tone of delight, on seeing Alice. "Did you happen to meet any soldiers, my dear, as you came through the wood?"

"Yes, I did," said Alice: "several thousand, I should think."

called Hatta. I must have two, you know—to come and go. One to come, and one to go."

"King your pardon?" said Alice.

"It isn't respectful to beg," said the King.

"I only meant that I didn't understand," said Alice.

"Why one to come and one to go?"

"Don't I tell you?" the King repeated impatiently. "I must have two—to fetch and carry. One to fetch, and one to carry."

At this moment the Messenger arrived: he was far too much out of breath to say a word, and could only point his hand about, and make the most fearful faces to the poor King.

"This young lady loves you with an H," the King said, introducing Alice to the hope of turning off the Messenger's attention from himself—but it was no use—the Anglo-Saxon attitudes only got more extraordinary every moment, while the great eyes rolled wildly from side to side.

"You alarm me!" said the King. "I feel faint—Give me a ham sandwich!"

On which the Messenger, to Alice's great amusement, opened a bag that hung round his neck, and handed a sandwich to the King, who devoured it greedily.

"Another sandwich!" said the King.

"There's nothing but hay left now," the Messenger said, peeping into the bag.

"Hay, then," the King faintly murmured.

Alice was glad to see that it revived him a good deal. "There's nothing like eating hay when you're faint," he remarked to her, as he munched away.

"I should think throwing cold water over you would be better," Alice suggested. "—or some volatile."

run and see them." And they trotted off, Alice
 running first, as she ran the words of the old
 song—

"The King and the Unicorn were fighting for the
 crown."

The Lion beat the Unicorn all round the town.

Some gave them white bread and some gave them
 plum-cake.

Some gave them plum-cake and drummed them
 out of town."

"And who—the one—that wins—get the crown?"
 asked, as well as she could, for the long run was
 putting her quite out of breath.

"Dear me, no!" said the King. "What an ideal!"

"Would you be good enough—" Alice panted
 on, after running a little further, "to stop a minute
 —just to get—one's breath?"

"Be good enough," the King said, "only I'm not
 strong enough. You see, a minute goes by so fear-
 fully quick. You might as well try to stop Bander-
 match!"

Alice had no more breath for talking, so they trotted
 on in silence, till they came in sight of a great crowd,
 in the middle of which the Lion and Unicorn were
 fighting. They were in such a cloud of dust, that at
 first Alice could not make out which was which: but
 she soon managed to distinguish the Unicorn by his
 horn.

They placed themselves close to where Hatter, the
 other Messenger, was standing watching the fight,
 with a cup of tea in one hand and a piece of bread
 and butter in the other.

"He's only just out of prison, and he hadn't

Alice stood silently watching him. Suddenly she brightened up. "Look, Look!" she cried, pointing eagerly. "There's the White Queen running over the country! She came flying over the wood over yonder—How fast those Queens can run!"

"There's some enemy after her, no doubt," the King said, without even looking round. "That wood's full of them."

"But aren't you going to run and help her?" Alice asked, very much surprised at his taking it so quietly.

"No, no, no!" said the King. "She runs so fearfully quick. You might as well try to catch a Bandersnatch! But I'll make a memorandum about her, if you like. She's a dear good creature," he repeated softly to himself, as he opened his memorandum book. "Do you spell 'creature' with a double 'c'?"

At this moment the Unicorn sauntered by them, with his hands in his pockets. "I had the best of it this time!" he said to the King, just glancing at him as he passed.

"A little—a little," the King replied, rather nervously. "You shouldn't have run him through with your horn, you know?"

"I didn't hurt him," the Unicorn said carelessly, and he was going on, when his eye happened to fall upon Alice: he turned round instantly, and stood for some time looking at her with an air of the deepest disgust.

"What—is—this?" he said at last.

"This is a child!" Haigha replied eagerly, coming in front of Alice to introduce her, and spreading out

"...of vegetable and mineral?" he said, yawning at every other word.

"It's a fabulous monster!" the Unicorn cried out, before Alice could reply.

"Then hand round the plum-cake, Monster," the Lion said, lying down and putting his chin on his

paw. "Hand it down, both of you," (to the King and the Unicorn). "Fair play with the cake, you know!"

The King was evidently very uncomfortable at having to sit down between the two great creatures: but there was no other place for him.

"What a fight we might have for the crown, now!" the Unicorn said, looking slyly up at the crown, which the poor King was nearly shaking off his head, he trembled so much.

"I should win easy," said the Lion.

"I'm not so sure of that," said the Unicorn.

"Why, I beat you all round the town, you chicken!" the Lion replied angrily, half getting up as he spoke.

Here the King interrupted, to prevent the quarrel going on: he was very nervous, and his voice quite quivered. "All round the town?" he said. "That's a good long way. Did you go by the old bridge, or the market-place? You get the best view by the old bridge."

"I'm sure I don't know," the Lion growled out as he lay down again. "There was too much dust to see anything. What a time the Monster is, cutting up that cake!"

Alice had seated herself on the bank of a little brook, with the great dish on her knees, and was sawing away diligently with the knife. "It's very provoking!" she said, in reply to the Lion (she was getting quite used to being called 'the Monster').

CHAPTER 8

"IT'S MY OWN INVENTION"

AFTER a while the noise seemed gradually to die away, till all was dead silence, and Alice lifted her head in some alarm. There was no one to be seen, and her first thought was that she must have been dreaming about the Lion and the Unicorn and those queer Messengers. However, there was the great dish still lying at her feet, which had tried to eat the plum cake. "So I wasn't dreaming, after all," she said to herself, "unless—unless we're all part of the same dream. Only I do hope it's my dream, and not the Red King's! I don't like belonging to another person's dream," she went on in a complaining tone. "I've a great mind to go and wake him, and see what happens!"

At this moment her thoughts were interrupted by a loud shouting of "Ahoy! Ahoy! Check!" and a Knight, dressed in crimson armour, came galloping down upon her, brandishing a great club. Just as he reached her, the horse stopped suddenly: "You're my prisoner!" the Knight cried, as he tumbled off his horse. As she was, Alice was more frightened for him than for herself at the moment, and watched him with some anxiety as he mounted again. As soon as he was comfortably in the saddle, he began once more "You're my—" but here another voice

Rule of Battle, ~~that~~ Alice had not noticed, ~~was~~ to be that they always fell on their heads, and the battle ended with their both falling off in this way, side by side: ~~when~~ they got up again, they shook hands, and then the Red Knight mounted and galloped off.

"It was a glorious victory, wasn't it?" ~~said the~~ White Knight, as he came up panting.

"I don't know," Alice said doubtfully. "I don't want to be anybody's prisoner. ~~I want to be a Queen.~~"

"So you will, when you've crossed the next brook," ~~said the~~ White Knight. "I'll see you safe ~~to the end~~ of the wood—and then I must go back, you know. That's the end of my move."

"Thank you very much," said Alice. "May I help you off with your helmet?" It was evidently more than he could manage by himself; however, she managed to shake him out of it at last.

"Now one can breathe more easily," ~~said the~~ Knight, putting back his shaggy hair with both hands, and turning his gentle face and large mild eyes to Alice. She thought she had never seen such a strange-looking soldier in all her life.

He was dressed in tin armour, which seemed to fit him very badly, and he had a queer little deal box fastened across his shoulders upside-down, and with the lid hanging open. Alice looked at it with great curiosity.

"See you're admiring my little box," the Knight said in a friendly tone. "It's my own invention—to keep clothes and sandwiches in. You see I carry it upside-down, so that the rain can't get in."

"But the things can get out," Alice gently remarked. "Do you know the lid's open?"

"That's meant for plum-cake," said Alice.

"We'd better take it with us," the Knight said. "It'll come in handy if we find any plum-cake. Help me to get it into this bag."

This took a long time to manage, though Alice held the bag open very carefully because the Knight was so very awkward in putting in the dish: the first two or three times that he tried he fell in himself instead. "It's rather a tight fit, you see," he said, as they got it in at last; "there are so many candlesticks in the bag." And he hung it to the saddle, which was already loaded with bunches of carrots, and fire-irons, and many other things.

"I hope you've got your hair well fastened on?" he continued, as they set off.

"Only in the usual way," Alice said, smiling.

"That's hardly enough," he said, anxiously. "You see, the wind is so very strong here. It's as strong as soup."

"Have you invented a plan for keeping one's hair from being blown off?" Alice enquired.

"Not yet," said the Knight. "But I've got a plan for keeping it from falling off."

"I should like to hear it very much."

"First you take an upright stick," said the Knight. "Then you make your hair creep up it, like a fruit-tree. Now the reason hair falls off is because it hangs down—things never fall upwards, you know. It's my own invention. You may try it if you like."

It didn't sound a comfortable plan, Alice thought, and for a few minutes she walked on in silence, puzzling over the idea, and every now and then stopping to help the poor Knight, who certainly was not a good rider.

breaking [redacted]. "The great art of [redacted] is to keep your balance, you know."

[redacted] the saddle, and stretched out both his arms to show [redacted] what he meant, and this time he fell flat on his back, right under the horse's [redacted]

[redacted] of practice!" he went on repeating, "it's time that Alice was getting him on his feet again, plenty of practice!"

"How ridiculous!" cried Alice, getting out of patience. "You ought to have a wooden horse on wheels, that you ought!"

"How can that go smoothly?" the Knight asked in a tone of great interest, clasping his arms round the horse's neck as he spoke, just in time to save himself from tumbling off again.

"Much more smoothly than a live horse," Alice said, with a little scream of laughter, in spite of all she could do to prevent it.

"I'll get one," the Knight said thoughtfully to himself. "One or two—[redacted]"

[redacted] a short silence after this; then the Knight went on again. "I'm a great hand at inventing things. Now, I dare say you noticed, the last time [redacted] picked me up, that I was looking thoughtful?"

"You were a little grumpy," said Alice.

"That's just what I was inventing a new way of [redacted] over a gate—would you like to hear it?"

"Very much indeed," Alice said politely.

"I'll tell you how I came to think of it," said the Knight. "You see, I said to myself, 'The only difficulty is with the feet; the head is high enough."

The Knight shook his head. "It was all kinds of
 things with me. I can assure you!" he said. He
 looked in some excitement as he said this, and
 he rolled out of the saddle, and fell headlong
 into the ditch.

Alice ran to the side of the ditch to look for him.
 She was startled by the fall, but she was
 looking on very well, and she was afraid that he
 was hurt. However, though she could
 see nothing of his feet, she was much
 pleased to hear that he was talking on in his
 tone. "All kinds of fastness," he repeated, "but it
 was careless of him to put another man's helmet on
 his own head."

"How can you go on talking so quietly, head down-
 wards?" Alice asked, as she dragged him out by the
 collar, and laid him in a heap on the bank.

The Knight looked surprised at the question.
 "What does it matter where my body happens to be?"
 he said. "My mind goes on working all the same.
 In fact, the more head downwards I am, the more I
 keep inventing new things."

"Now the cleverest thing that I ever did," he
 said, after a pause, "was inventing a new
 course for the mouse."

"What time did you invent for the next course?"
 Alice asked. "Well, that was quick work, certainly!"
 he said. "Not the next course," the Knight said in a
 low thoughtful tone; "no, certainly not the next
 course."

"Then it would have to be the next day, I suppose,"
 she said. "You wouldn't have two pudding courses in one
 day?"

"Well, not the next day," the Knight repeated.

MY OWN INVENTION"

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] HORSCH.

[REDACTED] 'Ways and Means' [REDACTED]

"[REDACTED] said softly, who [REDACTED]

"[REDACTED] said, "The [REDACTED] and the [REDACTED] my own invention."

[REDACTED] and let the reins fall [REDACTED] beating time with one hand, and with a faint smile [REDACTED] foolish [REDACTED].

● all the strange things [REDACTED] through the [REDACTED] this was the [REDACTED] most clearly. Years afterwards she could bring the whole scene back again, as if it had been only yesterday—the mild blue [REDACTED] smile of the knight—the setting sun [REDACTED] through his hair, and shining on his armour in a [REDACTED] of light that quite dazzled her—the horse [REDACTED] moving about, with the reins hanging loose [REDACTED], tapping the grass at her feet—and the [REDACTED] of the forest behind—all this she took in like a picture, as, with one hand shading her eyes, she [REDACTED] against a tree, watching the strange pair, [REDACTED], as he led down, to the melancholy music of the song.

"But the tune isn't his own invention," she said to herself. "It's I give them all, I can do more." She stood and listened very attentively, but no tears came into her eyes.

Completed my design

if by chance I find

my right-hand foot

and a left-hand shoe

my right-hand shoe

my right-hand shoe

at last!" she cried,

* * * * *

to something very heavy, she found it was a

"But how *can* it have got there without my knowing it?" she lifted it off, and set it to make out what it could possibly be.

Colección Poesía Desclasificada.

1. As a ras de Utu (TaroT)
2. Rez de oraciones para niños.
3. La venganza de los cassettes: ANALOGLITCH!
4. Vaczines
5. Ile es Arkansas

(Próximamente)

Cuidado mamífero para Gino, Om Mod

“Poesía desclasificada” es un proyecto de creación artística y micro-edición de Luis Ángel Abad, dentro de un planteamiento cultural y socioeconómico caracterizado por las nociones de “poiesis”, “hermetismo”, lo “multiNdisciplinar” y lo “infra-endémico”.

<https://www.behance.net/luisitolechuga>

<https://versosintermedios.blogspot.com>